The Antioch Review

JUN 17 1952
PERIODICAL READING ROOM

Wanted: an Economic Revolution for Western Europe

—William G. Carleton

UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN
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The Limits of Totalitarian Power

—David Riesman

Freedom, Authority and Orthodoxy

—Charles Frankel

Why Labor Leaders Are Lonesome ..... **KERMIT EBY**

Swearing to One's Loyalty ..... **NANETTE DEMBITZ**

Parrington and Carlyle: Cross-Currents in History and Belles-Lettres ..... **LOUIS FILLER**

Anti-Americanism, British Garden Varety ..... **MILTON GRAHAM**

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—ABRAHAM LINCOLN

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Editors' Shop Talk

Reading the autobiographical volume *Witness*, one stops at times to wonder just how representative the intellectual Whittaker Chambers is of the American intelligentsia. Inevitably one keeps referring back to some of the people and events in Chambers' early life — the grandmother who threatened the household with her madness, the mother who kept an axe handy when the father had left home, the brother who committed suicide, the time that young Whittaker prevented his father from killing his brother and then fell weeping into his arms.

These early days of supercharged, pathological emotion remind one of a Chas Addams cartoon in *The New Yorker*. There is the same macabre dinginess in the home, the same cracked mirrors on the wall, the same grimness about the chief characters. One has a feeling that if the Chambers' family had kept a caged bird, it would have turned out to be a bat.

How far can one go along with the Chambers autobiography? Can one go along at all? There is an unreality, an emotional garrulity about his whole career that seems to take the decision away from him and give it by default to the silent (but guilty) Alger Hiss.

Whittaker Chambers, however, is no cartoon. He must be taken seriously. Though he employed the flimsiest of materials in building his sprawling superstructure, one must conclude that he built upon rock. There is plenty of evidence to substantiate such a conclusion. One of the most persuasive is that the House Un-American Activities Committee, for perhaps the first and only time, conducted its investigation with fairness and justice.

* * *

Why, one inevitably asks, does the Chambers' flood of rhetoric all but destroy itself? Such a question can hardly be answered in a few words. But fundamentally involved, surely, is the author's preoccupation with emotion. As we have suggested, every incident of the least political significance is presented in a purple light. God is dragged into the panorama, not as an interested witness but as a participant. The New and Fair Deals are brought in, not as associates in the climate of the time, but as guilty reprobates. The little conspiracy in which Chambers and Hiss were collaborators is presented as though by itself it actually had "changed the world." The emphasis is false and misleading to the last degree.

We also are disturbed by another reason. Whittaker Chambers was an editor, and obviously he should not have been entrusted with his own work. His editorial experience was especially treacherous when it became applied to the story of his own political and emotional life. A good editor, we believe, would have returned the Chambers manuscript, told him to cut it by ninety per cent, and in revising what was left, urged him to "stick to the facts."

Wanted: An Economic Revolution for Western Europe

By WILLIAM G. CARLETON

An atmosphere not unlike that of the 1930's hangs over Europe today. The sensitive visitor feels it everywhere. Since the Korean War and the consequent rearmament, the spirit of the European peoples, precariously ascending since 1945, has relapsed into apprehension and frustration.

Even the rise in European production, a rise in some instances above the prewar level, has not availed to overcome the over-all atmosphere of depression, for the new level of production has not been sufficient to overcome years of shortages, and much of it must now be reduced or deflected by rearmament programs. Moreover, some of Europe's anxiety arises from the fact that there are surpluses for which there are not enough markets.

Like the 1930's, there is grave economic dissatisfaction. True, there is nothing like the unemployment of that period, although serious unemployment does exist today in Germany and Italy. But almost everywhere there are acute housing shortages; and low wages and high prices present an appalling gap for the average man, making life extremely difficult.

Moreover, this new economic distress, or rather this new intensification of the prolonged postwar distress, has been piled on top of previous distresses, distresses that have plagued European countries since 1914—wars, revolutions, devastating inflations, confiscatory taxations, extensive depressions, and many other economic dislocations. The cumulative impact of these is today more serious than it was in the 1930's.

Then too, today's distress must be viewed against the psycho-

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William G. Carleton, who teaches political science at the University of Florida, says that he personally favors "a foreign policy which gives priority to Europe over Asia," but believes that "most people who favor the European priority picture Europe too optimistically."

logical background of the repeated miscarriage of the hopes and promises of a better society. And by now there have been many more of these miscarriages than there were in the 1930's. In the 1930's the Western European peoples remembered sadly the failure of the great promises made to them during World War I by the politicians of all parties, and the working classes were embittered by the failure of the long-expected socialist revolution to materialize. Today, piled on these disappointments, there are the blighted hopes of World War II, and the aborting, except in Britain, of the basic economic and social reforms and the national reconstructions promised for the postwar period.

Illustrative of this sense of frustration is a recent and memorable passage from *Esprit*, a left-wing Catholic review published in France:

> It is quite true that there are in France some bright and clean workshops where work is not harassing and where safety is fully assured. But there is no doubt that war and inflation and the indifference of successive governments have greatly enlarged the truly wretched sector of the French proletariat. . . . Liberation had promised a happier future. Six years ago, the French working class, like other classes, readily, perhaps too readily, identified its fate with that of the nation. They . . . looked forward to a great reconstruction plan and a number of basic reforms. . . . All these hopes and illusions were more rapidly and ruthlessly destroyed than in the case of other classes.

There is a growing suspicion that Europe's economic decline is due to fundamental and permanent causes; that it is produced by Europe's loss of foreign markets, foreign investments, and overseas colonies; that nothing effective is being done to replace these losses. This is in a great measure true.

Since about 1500, Europe has been the world's capitalist and its producer of manufactured goods. Europe has sustained its increasing population and maintained its high standard of living by virtue of its colonies, investments, and markets in the Americas, in Africa, in Asia. The currents are now running in reverse; the outward and "backward" areas of the world are liquidating European colonies and investments and increasingly manufacturing their own goods. Europe is recoiling; this retreat was markedly noticeable after 1914; it has become a rout since 1945. Where is Europe to find the economic substitutes for its lost colonies, investments, and markets?

The Marxists, of course, have always had a remedy for this retreat from imperialism: the intensification of demands within European countries by nationalizing industries, employing government controls

over investments, wages, and prices, and increasing internal social services and social security. And probably a majority of Europeans at heart are Marxists of one kind or another. Voting trends since 1900 tend to confirm this view; since 1914 the middle classes have drastically declined in numbers and in influence; and several generations of Marxist politicians, publicists, literary men, and artists have produced a profound revolution in the thinking of Europeans, even in the thinking of non-Marxist Europeans.

But the Marxists have not been able to employ their remedies in Western Europe, except to an extent in Britain. The Marxist revolutions have failed to materialize in Continental Western Europe. The Marxists are stalemated today just as they were in the 1930's, and for the same reason: the decisive split between democratic Socialists and totalitarian Communists. (Where there are few Communists, where this split is not important, as in Britain, the Socialists have been able to play a decisive part in postwar developments.)

Today, as in the 1930's, the democratic Socialists on the Continent find themselves in an increasingly pitiable condition. They are being squeezed between the extreme Left and the extreme Right. Their hatred of totalitarian Communism is being taken advantage of by the conservatives; in the name of anti-Communism, they are being forced to support conservative measures which they dislike and which cause them grave losses in popular support. They are told they must support these measures in order to keep non-Communist governments in power; that without their support multi-party governments could not survive, and that the resulting chaos and confusion would lead to the further growth of the extreme Left and the extreme Right. This was the cruel dilemma of the Socialists in the 1930's; it is their cruel dilemma today.

But, it will be said, do the non-Communist Leftists of Europe foolishly expect to have their cake and eat it too? If they are sincere in their hatred of Communism, do they not realize that it is necessary to rearm against an aggressive Communism and an aggressive Russia? And do they think they can have rearmament and a higher standard of living at the same time? How can one have rearmament without some inflation, some high prices, some curtailment of civilian consumption? The non-Communist Leftists reply that of course there must be some temporary sacrifices, but that those sacrifices should be

spread more evenly, that the gap between wages and prices is too great, that profits are still unreasonably high, that the sacrifices asked of the poor are disproportionately much greater than the sacrifices asked of the propertied classes. Moreover, they reply that while preparing in a military way, governments must not lose sight of the kind of world their peoples want for the future; indeed, governments must build some of that world now, at the very time the West rearms, for otherwise the European masses, whose reserves of expectancy are about drained dry, will have no morale and no incentive to go on. In Britain, the Bevanites emphasize this point of view, and it is the source of their growing strength inside the British Labor Party.

In the light of the growing European disillusionment, why have not the Communists been able to come to power in Western Europe and to institute drastic Marxist programs there? Because of the basic split in the Marxist ranks, the split of democratic Socialists and totalitarian Communists. Also, because the liberal tradition in some parts of Western Europe is still strong enough to prevent the victory of any kind of totalitarianism. Most important, because of the fact that Communism, in the Western European mind, is now definitely identified with Russia, and Western Europeans look down upon the Russians as inferior to them in technology, in living standards, and in culture generally. Communism *per se* is not so much feared in Europe as in the United States. Many non-Communist Europeans say that French Communism or Italian Communism would not be so bad, but that Russian Communism would be intolerable. It is this psychological identification of Communism with Russia that has been the chief barrier to Communist success in Western Europe. Indeed, centuries from now historians probably will be saying that the Communist Revolution in Russia did not hasten but actually slowed down by several decades basic social and economic changes in Western Europe.

But if the Communists are barely holding their own in Western Europe, the extreme Right is growing perceptibly. Economic discontent and rearmament programs are producing a neo-Nazism in Germany, a neo-Fascism in Italy, and, in the over-all view, a growing Gaullist movement in France. It is in this respect that the parallel to the 1930's is most striking. In addition, the Right is becoming bolder in its attacks on labor unions, on a free press, and on other liberties, even where it is still careful to divorce itself from the more overt forms of Mussolini's Fascism and Hitler's Nazism.

The basic discontent and deep sense of frustration currently manifesting itself in Western Europe is not confined to the extreme Left or the extreme Right. It is not confined to the Socialists. It cannot be measured by the voting returns in any specific election, whether that election reveals a Rightward trend or a Leftward trend. To a greater or lesser degree it affects all groups, all classes, all parties, all shades of opinion. And eventually something basic must be done to remove it, or else Americans will find themselves living in a more dangerous world than they live in today.

II

Admittedly Germany is still the most important country in Continental Western Europe, and conditions in Germany are far from reassuring, in spite of feverish building and mounting production levels.

Much of Germany's cities still lie in ruins—large areas are still rubble heaps and desolate wastes. It is estimated that seventy per cent of the company homes of the Ruhr were destroyed in the war, and only a small portion of these have been rebuilt. War's devastation plus the influx of refugees from the East—there are 9,500,000 of these; one person in every five is a refugee—have produced a desperate housing shortage. Germans still live together in a few rooms or in improvised shacks built of odds and ends.

Even more depressing are the ever-present evidences of death and of bodily injuries wrought by war. People in mourning black are everywhere. One cannot walk a city block without seeing the legless, armless, crippled, and maimed veterans of war. These men, largely between the ages of twenty-two and forty-five, are without benefit of artificial arms and legs, of adequate hospitalization or compensation. One must go back to post-Napoleonic times, to the France of 1815, to find anything like the number of crippled veterans of war to be seen in Germany today.

There is much economic distress and discontent in Germany. Two-thirds of Germany's wage-earners receive sixty dollars or less a month. Even in the Ruhr industries, where wages are somewhat higher than elsewhere, the average wage, when taxes are deducted, is around eighty-five dollars a month. A former ECA chief in Germany has stated that German management is paying less and less of the value

of its sales in wages and salaries. The German Federation of Labor reports that the wage and salary bill of industry has risen 130 per cent since 1936 while at the same time gross profits have risen 330 per cent.

The gap between wages and prices is serious, and that gap is growing. Prices are steadily rising. Today, a German worker earns about one-fourth as much as an American worker but pays nearly the same prices.

Moreover, there is much unemployment; the estimates today are that about a million and a half able-bodied people who want to work are jobless. This is aggravated by the large number of refugees and displaced persons from Eastern Germany.

In spite of the economic distress, Germany has no shortage of luxury goods, both imported and German-made. German capital has poured into luxury industries while basic industries have hungered for capital. This has contributed to the high prices of necessities. Moreover, the importation of foreign-made luxury goods has thrown Germany's import-export balance seriously out of gear.

Psychologically, the Germans are confused and frustrated. There are numerous reasons for this: the devastation, human crippling, and grim reminders all around them of the lost war; the splitting in two of their country; economic distress and the low standard of living; the ugly gulf between rich and poor; the conflict of the new ideas with the old Nazi poison; the vivid contrast between the Nazi days of full employment, the days of triumph when all Europe was paying economic tribute to Germany, and the bleak emptiness of today; the bitter brooding over the narrow margins by which Germany just missed in 1918 and in 1945 fulfilling her grand dreams of security and glory; the contrast between their own poverty and the ostentation and assured way of life of the foreign conquerers living in their midst; the paradox in the systematic dismantling of German industry and the current admonitions to the Germans that they must rearm again; the prospect of another great war, a war in which Germany again would be a battleground and would be divided against itself in fierce civil war. These contradictions are magnified ten-fold when German veterans, refugees, and the unemployed gather on the street corners and in the parks to discuss their woes, to brood upon the evil fate which made them Germans, to retell the tales of cruelty of Germans to

Germans, to speculate upon suicide, to bandy their grotesque and macabre humor.

The Adenauer government is not popular in Germany. It is too often thought of as the government of the rich and of the Americans. It is accused of being ungenerous with respect to housing measures, social security, refugee relief, veterans' compensation. It is charged with following a too doctrinaire free enterprise course; of not sufficiently controlling wages, prices, exports and imports, the flow of investments. Its leader and its flag evoke no traditional or emotional loyalties. It is frequently the butt of popular caricature and ridicule.

The Social Democrats are strong and they have considerable mass support. They have largely revived the labor unions; opposed the reuniting of the cartels under the old industrialists; favored nationalization of the Ruhr industries; and insisted on more government controls and more generous social services and social security measures. Moreover, today they are opposing rearmament and pointing to the possible danger of a new alliance of neo-Nazis, other extreme nationalists, veterans' and officers' organizations, and wealthy industrialists.

The most conspicuous political development in Germany today is the organization of numerous nationalistic parties of the Right. Among the more important of these parties are: the German Imperial Party, Kurt Meissner's German Bloc, the Economic Reconstruction Union, the Radical Socialist Liberal Party, Wolfgang Hedler's Youth Movement, the Bloc of Those Without Homes and Rights, and the Socialist Reich Party of Fritz Dorls and Otto Remer. These various extremist parties are busy organizing paid admission rallies, marching clubs, and strongarm fronts; reviving the slogans of the Hitler era; manufacturing the new stab-in-the-back myth that Germany was not defeated by foreign armies but by the plotters and "traitors" against Hitler in 1944.

At the same time these Rightist parties have been developing, the German veterans have been organizing into nationalistic organizations. Since last May the following veterans' organizations have been formed under the leadership of their old officers: the SS troopers, the Afrika Korps, the Yellow Circle Elite infantrymen, the Green Devil parachutists, the Gross Deutschland Division, the Bund Deutsche Soldaten, and the Soldaten Bund. Recently, General Hermann Bernhard Ram-

cke, Nazi fanatic, made a fiery nationalist speech to his old parachutists, after which he was given a wildly enthusiastic ovation.

Nationalistic periodicals have been multiplying in Germany. These openly display the Iron Cross, specialize in articles on the Hohenzollern and Nazi regimes, and make appeals for the restoration of Germany's lost provinces of the East, provinces to be wrested from Poland and Czechoslovakia.

Most alarming, at least fifty per cent of the Germans seem to be disgusted with all politicians and parties, continuing the dangerous German tradition of mistrust of all civilian politics. When interviewed, they say there is no political party in Germany today interested in the average German. This large number of apolitical Germans constitutes a dangerous political void which might possibly be filled if the neo-Nazis, the many splinter nationalistic parties, the veterans, the army officers, and the wealthy industrialists ever combined into a single movement.

III

In France, the startling gap between wages and prices continues to widen. Prices in France are still rising, and the inflation is by far the most prevalent topic in French conversation. Wages for skilled workers average only around twenty-five dollars a week; wages for unskilled workers average around ten and twelve dollars a week. (Although there are family allowances from the state which help some.) A French unskilled worker must work nearly a week to buy a pair of shoes.

The French National Institute of Statistics recently reported that Frenchmen, although living in an agricultural country, eat even less meat annually than do present-day Britons. The Institute reported that annual meat consumption in Great Britain is 107.8 pounds per person and that the Frenchman's share is 99 pounds a year.

Statistics recently published in *Le Parisien Libéré*, an independent periodical, reveal that Frenchmen today, like Frenchmen fifty years ago, must devote sixty per cent of their budget to food; ten per cent to rent, light, and heat. The remaining thirty per cent goes for clothing, other necessities, and family holidays. Fifty years ago the Americans were in the same situation, but today Americans spend only thirty per cent of their budget for food, twenty per cent for rent and for main-

taining their homes, and the remainder, that is one-half, is left for clothing, family necessities, and leisure time. Such figures, commented various French journals, show eloquently that the French are far from having a satisfactory living standard.

Politically, France continues stalemated and unstable. The Communist vote stubbornly remains a little over one-fourth of the French electorate. During the past two years, Gaullism and extreme French nationalism have continued to grow. Those who openly proclaim Petain a hero and defend the old Vichy government are increasing. The Socialists are caught in a fateful dilemma. If they help the Communists they help the forces of totalitarianism. If they continue in the middle-of-the-road coalition of the Third Force they find themselves increasingly pushed to conservative and even reactionary measures which they can uphold only with injury to themselves and to their cause: public support of Catholic schools; high prices and low wages; approval of the sleazy outfit the French government is supporting in Indo-China.

The political split in the Left has been carried over to the unions, and the conflict between the truncated CGT, France's largest labor organization, and the organization that seceded from the CGT, the Force Ouvrière, are now bearing bitter fruit for labor in the way of increased marginal exploitation. The trend toward nationalization of industries has long since been halted, and the increasing liquidation of the Comités d'Enterprise, those shop committees on which labor has served, is steadily worsening labor's lot.

French working people increasingly feel frustrated and bitter; they appear more and more sullen and isolated; they lament the miscarriage of the great promises made during the war years and of the early hopes of the Marshall Plan. The French middle classes, with some misgivings, are adhering to the American foreign policy, but one of their strongest and most influential journals, *Le Monde*, is still critical of some aspects of it.

IV

The sad plight of Italy, both economically and psychologically, was, not long ago, brought home to the American people by the frank, almost frantic, appeals for help made by Prime Minister De Gasperi during his autumn visit to the United States.

In Italy, the gap between high prices and low wages is critical. The unskilled wage-earner works for about a dollar to a dollar and a half a day. Even skilled workers in the Fiat plant at Turin make only around three dollars a day. Agricultural laborers in Southern Italy make as low as eighty cents a day. Italian families live by putting to work all members, except the smallest children, and by living largely on breadstuffs.

In addition, there is widespread unemployment. At least two million are jobless. That is due to Italy's loss of Eastern markets, to cartel restrictions, and to the deflation policy of the Pella wing of De Gasperi's government. (This deflation policy, however, has not led to lower prices.) In 1950 industrial production increased thirteen per cent but industrial employment decreased one per cent. Moreover, the unemployment figures do not include seasonal unemployment, common to agricultural laborers. In Southern Italy, some agricultural laborers are employed no more than one hundred and twenty days a year. Social services are inadequate and social security payments niggardly. Land reform is projected on only a limited scale in the South, and even this little has not been carried out in practice.

Finally, to these observations about the Italian economy must be added two basic facts: first, the Italian population is increasing by more than 400,000 annually, and second, Italy lacks almost all of the essential raw materials.

Among the mass of Italians, the De Gasperi government, the product of wartime defeat, and with few roots in the past, evokes little emotional loyalty. Besides, the De Gasperi party, the Christian Democrats, is torn by internal dissensions. The small businessmen within the party are in revolt against the Pella policies of deflation; the big businessmen and cartel interests within the party want a continuation of the deflationary policies. Again, its idealistic and social-minded elements, enlisted in the great days of hope in 1945, want an increase in social services, additional social security measures, and the execution of genuinely effective agrarian reform. On the other hand, the big landholders, many of the biggest of them in the Christian Democratic party, bitterly oppose any extension of land reform and wish to emasculate even those land measures already enacted.

The Socialists, who should be in a position to help bring wider social security and land reform, are fatally weakened by the defection

of the Nenni Socialists to the Communists. The remainder, enfeebled by this basic split, are divided into a number of splinter Socialist parties —the Socialist party of Romita, the Socialist party of Saragat, and the Socialist party of Silone.

The powerful Communist strength seems to be holding its own. About one voter in three votes Communist.

At the same time economic discontent and political confusion are producing a serious revival of Fascism. The Italian Social Movement, a thinly veiled Fascist party, is growing in strength, and professions of Fascist sympathy are being more and more openly expressed elsewhere. Informed observers in Naples report that the population in and around Naples, if it were to express itself honestly, would be around twenty-five per cent Christian Democratic, about twenty-five per cent Leftist, and about fifty per cent Fascist. Indeed, that dispassionate Italian liberal periodical, *Mondo Economico*, declared recently that "in this terrible country we are going towards the frame of mind of 1921-1922!"

Intelligent and well-informed Italians who openly profess Fascism, when questioned, will say something like this: "Economic conditions and the standard of living were much better in Italy under Fascism than they are today. A people of the mid-twentieth century, certainly a people with both scarcities and surpluses, who have enjoyed the social benefits of a controlled and paternal economy, even a Fascistic one, will never be satisfied under a regime which attempts to operate by the so-called laws of classical economics. Besides, under Fascism, we enjoyed some color and mystery and glory—now all is drabness and confusion. And liberty? Under Fascism we had more liberty in moral behavior, in recreation, in play, and in romance—there was more romancing in the parks and public places—than we have today. It is true we had no free speech then, but we have no free speech now, for the police are always watching. How can one have effective democracy and genuine civil liberties in a country where one-third of the population is Communist and another one-third is Fascist? The small liberal center is too busy watching the two big extremes to allow much real liberty."

De Gasperi himself has recently spoken of the need for new legislation to curb the press and the labor unions, and he has cited American labor legislation in support of his position. There are those in Italy

who say that if Fascism comes to Italy again it will be because De Gasperi himself will be drawn inexorably into replaying the role of the Duce.

The truth is that the liberal tradition in Italy is only a trickle. British and American historians have misled Americans by emphasizing the liberalism of the Risorgimento, the nineteenth-century movement which culminated in Italian unification. But the Risorgimento, as history goes, is recent and of relatively short duration. Before the Risorgimento there were centuries and centuries of the authoritarianism of the Roman Empire, of the Church, and of petty city-state tyrannies. Besides, even the Risorgimento was more national than it was liberal. The Republican Mazzini gave way to that professional, apolitical "hero," Garibaldi; Garibaldi gave way to the monarchist Cavour; Cavour gave way in popular prestige and acclaim to the House of Savoy; and the House of Savoy gave way to Mussolini. It is impossible to read the story of the Risorgimento critically without coming to the suspicion that Italy, like Germany, would have been put together as a nation by an authoritarian tradition if there had been in Italy a state with anything like the comparable power that Prussia wielded in Germany. The nationalism of the Risorgimento needed liberal window-dressing at the time; when the need passed so did much of the window-dressing.

In short, the liberal tradition in Italy is lamentably weak. Liberalism will live and flourish only if identified in the popular mind with economic prosperity and social well-being. Today, there is perilously little economic prosperity and social well-being to give it encouragement.

V

What are the long-time remedies for Europe's economic plight?

The social-democrats say that it is in social democracy: control of cartels; government regulation of wages, prices, and the flow of investments; an increase in social services and social security measures.

The democratic socialists agree that all the social-democratic remedies enumerated above will be required, but they add another one: gradual nationalization of basic industries.

Classical economists are advocating a reduction of tariff and currency barriers, the economic unification of Western Europe, and even of the whole North Atlantic community; and eventually a polit-

ical federation of Western Europe and of the North Atlantic community. They would like to see the Council of Europe become increasingly effective and ultimately expand into a North Atlantic Federation.

There is still another remedy which should be considered, namely, the increasing use by European employers of American business methods and techniques. More and more, American ECA officials have been saying that European management must increase its production, increase demands, encourage installment buying, lower prices, and raise wages. Last summer William Joyce, a high ECA official, set off a little explosion in Europe when he accused French and Italian management of having feudal mentalities, of restricting production, of sweating labor, of charging extortionate prices, of taking excessive profits.

This speech of Joyce started a debate in the European press over the adaptability of American methods to Europe. It was pointed out that big business concerns in Europe, more or less cartelized, actually preferred restricted production, low wages, high prices, and high profits. It was reported that some French manufacturers were taking profits as high as five hundred per cent. On the other hand, it was emphasized that small businesses, often run by the same families for generations, actually preferred the more leisurely methods of small and old-fashioned production to the less leisurely methods of larger production and up-to-the-minute efficiency. Many European editors asked: Can these habits be changed? Will they be changed voluntarily by private enterprise?

Again, it was pointed out that the habits of European consumers differ radically from American. For instance, the Frenchman has a dread of going into debt for nonessentials, and he would consider dreadful the fate of the American who, earning two hundred and fifty dollars a month, finds himself on the second of the month with fifty dollars in his pocket after he has paid rent, insurance, monthly installments on his car, refrigerator, radio, and television set. Moreover, for many of these objects Frenchmen and Italians have no need. Where in their tiny kitchens would they find room for electric refrigerators and washing machines? When Frenchmen learn that fifty-two per cent of American city dwellers have washing machines they say: "Aren't there any laundries in the United States?" When they

learn that sixty-five per cent of American city dwellers have electric toasters they say: "What? Is the bread so badly baked in the United States?"

Non-Communist Leftist economists in Europe took issue with the Joyce speech on the ground that what Europe needed was not electric refrigerators, washing machines, and toasters, but an increase in the production of food, clothes, and houses, and the liberalization of wages, government insurance, and pensions, so that effective internal demands could be increased to take the place of Europe's shrinking markets abroad, particularly in Eastern Europe and in Asia.

Nevertheless, the ECA has reported progress. In one instance, a French manufacturer after a visit to the United States was said to have reduced his manpower per ton of manufacture from two hundred and twenty-two to eighty-three, cut his prices twenty-five to thirty per cent, and raised wages twenty to twenty-five per cent.

The truth is that the problem posed by Europe's shrinking economy, due to the retreat from economic and political imperialism, requires a combination of remedies: the greater application of American business methods by European businessmen; the classical economic remedy of extending and widening markets through the lowering of tariff barriers and the adjustment of currency differences; and the social-democratic and socialist remedy of intensifying effective economic demands at home by using government controls to distribute a larger share of the national income to the mass of consumers. All of these remedies in large doses are needed. Unfortunately, none of them, either singly or in combination, has been applied sufficiently to give appreciable relief, except in Britain, where there is almost full employment and where the gap between wages and prices is much narrower than on the Continent. However, the problem in Britain has been further complicated by Britain's extraordinary and unique need to export.

When the Laborites are in control of the British government they are eager to apply socialist remedies but reluctant to encourage the Council of Europe. Conversely, when the Conservatives are in power they are reluctant to extend government controls and socialist remedies but more disposed to push the Council of Europe and to adjust British economy to a widening European economy. The Americans act in a manner even more gratuitous. The Americans are long on

giving Europeans advice about the necessity of integrating Europe economically and politically, but they are short on helping in an effective way. The Americans criticize the British for not adjusting the British economy to an integrated European economy, but the Americans sharply veer away from even discussing the reduction of their own tariff barriers and the integration of the American and European economies. And some Americans are downright subversive to the cause of the West in the way they stubbornly refuse to recognize the difference between totalitarian socialism and democratic socialism, insist on lumping them together in doctrinaire fashion, and berate all socialist remedies for ameliorating the European economy.

The economic salvation of Europe requires basic and various remedies. Americans should beware of superficial reconstruction. They should also beware of a single-method approach. They should be flexible, relativistic, pluralistic in their approach to Europe's problems. They should avoid the doctrinaire, the dogmatic, the narrowly ideological approach. In one respect only can they afford to be doctrinaire: in their steady determination never to use undemocratic and totalitarian methods and remedies.

But in dealing with Europe, Americans must take into account the European conception of democracy. In Europe, democracy is not identified exclusively with free-enterprise capitalism. In Europe, democracy means the right and the discretion of the people, through popular, free, and repeated elections and the continuous exercise of civil liberties, to use the powers of government to better their social and economic conditions by whatever methods—free capitalist, controlled capitalist, socialist, or a combination of these—they may deem best.

Why Labor Leaders Are Lonesome

By KERMIT EBY

ALMOST WITHOUT EXCEPTION the labor leaders I have met are lonely men. They are lonely as they address the great rallies of their followers, lonely as they manipulate them in caucus and convention, yes, lonely in their plush offices surrounded by sycophants and secretaries. But they are doubly lonely when compelled to spend some rare moments by themselves, for it is then they come face to face with their past and recall the idealism of their youth, the shared sufferings and the hopes for a new and better world.

In those earlier days theirs was a power *with*, not a power *over*. Men were to be treated as equals, not as pawns to be ignored or used as the occasion demanded. Many times, listening to the top dozen of America's labor leaders speak, I have closed my eyes and tried to imagine what they were like as boys and young men years ago before the symbol erased the man: Philip Murray, for example, when he slapped the checker at the mine's mouth; Philip Murray as he tramped from home to home organizing the miners, or as he read and listened to the words of Gene Debs; Philip Murray when he chose to share the little that was his with others who had even less. Or John Lewis, face to face with the problems of his family and friends, striving to better himself so he might help his community of miners. Or Alan Haywood as he listened enraptured to the dedicated eloquence of a Keir Hardie. And Walter Reuther, as I knew him in those early days

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The theme of this article would apply quite as well to almost any other group of institutional leaders that one can think of. That labor leaders should become "isolated" is all the more tragic, however, for one of the chief goals of the labor movement has been its powerful moralistic drive to put humanity and individual satisfaction into an industrial system which in many ways has already passed the normal bounds of impersonality. KERMIT EBY was Assistant Director of Education and Research for the CIO, 1943-45, and Director, 1945-48. In 1948 he became Associate Professor of the Social Sciences at the University of Chicago, and in 1952 Professor.

of the CIO in Michigan—a worker among workers, a dedicated dreamer, approachable, winsome, willing to listen.

This is a Reuther I knew, for ours was, in a sense, a parallel development, and many times as he pounded home his point to men at auto and CIO conventions, I pictured that other Reuther. One who came back in 1947 at the Atlantic City convention to address the young ministers we had brought there, describing to them the opportunity for service their calling offered. As he spoke, there was little of the tension in voice and manner which characterized him as he spoke to the CIO delegates some fifteen minutes later on the "Challenge of Communism." For some reason I liked the Reuther I knew in small gatherings better than the one whose personality demands the loyalty and acquiescence of great crowds. Perhaps this is so because the prophet, lonely and powerless except in his knowledge of the right, is always more attractive to me than the big man on the white horse.

Nor, realist as I am compelled to be, do I expect the Lewises, Murrays, Greens, and Reuthers to turn back to the men they once were. This cannot be, for in becoming the men they are, they crucified the men they once were. They would not recognize the man of yesteryear should they meet him face to face.

Labor leaders do not return to their past. Usually, only death liberates them from their present. And as they live, they accept the role of indispensability forced on them by lesser men whose security and status is tied into that of their chiefs. Was not John L. Lewis indispensable to CIO until peculiar circumstances combined to relieve him of his "indispensability" in 1940? And has not Philip Murray inherited his mantle of indispensability? Who else could hold the CIO together? Who else could ward off the destructive impact of lesser men jealous for his powers and prerogatives? Nor has there ever been any question in my mind that Mr. Murray has the slightest doubt of his role in history, and though sometimes wearied of it in mind and body, he will never voluntarily relinquish his place. Only death can free him, like the others before him, from his role.

For there is nothing more seductive in all of life than the capture of a man by the power symbol he has become. Such a man is set apart, people glance in his direction when he walks the street, his services are provided with an extra flourish, his name is deferred to on radio and in the press, inferiors flatter his ego with their obsequies. God-like,

he learns to dispense favors and withhold rewards—to lift up and cast down. Yes, it is exciting to be a public figure, to stand, if but a few inches, above the crowd.

Perhaps the anxiety with which top labor leaders hold on to their jobs would be less if the world from which they came and to which (at least until recent years) they would be compelled to return were more attractive. Men who have met and jousted with the great of the earth, kings and presidents, senators and governors, do not voluntarily return to coal mines and punch presses. Or, as one well-known labor leader confessed to me when we differed on a personal problem, "You can quit and go to the University of Chicago. If I quit I would have to go back to winding armatures!"

Yes, labor leaders are lonely. Lonely in the presence of their past, lonely as the symbol triumphs over the man. In order to climb to the heights in union organization, men must have few doubts, and dare not be introspective. If they are, the conflicts of soul which those doubts produce will make them impotent. A strike called must remain a strike called; a rival crushed, a rival crushed; a staff man fired, a staff man fired; and a wife and family sacrificed, a wife and family sacrificed.

Seldom if ever does one dare risk being more interested in any single person than in the organization. This was brought home to me very forcefully by a secretary of mine, in the last year of my stay in CIO. "You used to be interested in my problems," she said, "how I was getting along with my boy friends. But now when I try to talk to you, you look up at the ceiling."

I am not going to say much about the family breakups among those in union and political circles. There has been considerable said and written about this subject. And as much as I regret the tragedies, they are in a sense inevitable. Men who climb to the top in great labor organizations begin as dedicated men and end as kept men. They feel more deeply and consequently often express themselves more clearly. The ability to express the inarticulated yearnings of their fellow workers forces them into positions of leadership. And the leadership once accepted is all-consuming. There are meetings of every description, meetings at lunch time, meetings after work, and meetings in the evening, plus the inevitable gathering of the elect at the bar or in some upper room. Energies are not unlimited and as a consequence, when the leader is at home, he is usually exhausted and inclined to

sink into a noncommunicative stupor. Often, also, there is little time to talk, for the wife is involved in problems of kitchen and children. Gradually, as time passes, the world of home and union become two worlds with an impassable gulf between. It is very difficult to be "nice" and politic for ten or twelve hours a day, to live with crisis and catastrophe demanding solution simultaneously, and not resent being plunged into new ones on arriving home. A real letdown takes place from the time one leaves the office until one arrives home. Saving the union and the world is an all-consuming vocation. A sympathetic wife, it is reasoned, should understand the burdens her "Atlas" carries; so should the children. And never, never should he be asked what to cook for dinner, or be disturbed about a son's demand for the car or a daughter's request for a new party dress. Instead, wife and children should learn to wait on him (they never do) as his secretary does, or if he is a big shot, as his staff and their secretaries. But being human and having their own problems, too, the family ultimately arrive at a point where father is not a part of their day-by-day interests and decisions; and ultimately the relationships settle down into a stalemate of frustration or end up in divorce.

There is real tragedy here. For the leader who has made the union his life has little to talk about but this limited aspect of affairs. So, often pressed by his loneliness, he seeks fulfillment with others equally dedicated and equally captive. A secretary who shares his office life begins to share his private life, and in so doing gives brief surcease from loneliness. Or if, perchance, necessity demands a meeting in a strange city, the director of organization can let it be known where he is sojourning, and the regional directors, almost as rootless as he, can rent a room in his favorite hotel, stock it with liquor and regale him with his prowess as a leader. But neither mistress, whiskey, nor stooges ever really overcome the deep loneliness, for it is a loneliness of spirit that no external application can quench.

These lives of single dedication to power leave little time for inward-looking. In fact, I am sometimes convinced that men who look inward can never climb to top positions, for the inward look brings questioning, and questioning brings doubts, and men who doubt seldom climb to the top or stay on top in the power structure. Most certainly they do not if their identity with all men causes them to single out each man and try to know and understand him. If for no

other reason, it takes too much time. It has long been and will continue to be an unanswered question to me why so many crimes are committed in the name of democracy, why men who extol the democratic system despise the individuals who make it up.

But perhaps, from their point of view, they have learned to know and despise their fellow men. Again, this knowledge grows out of their own experience. Men who continually compromise, men who betray both their ideals and their friends, who deny their radical—yes, their liberal—past to gain and maintain their privileged positions, these men quite naturally assume that others can similarly be bought and sold. And generally they are right.

I have already said that the labor leader is lonely because, having arrived at the top, he is no longer a man among men. He is a demigod among acolytes aspiring to be demigods; the apex of a pyramid toward which each in his own way consciously aspires. Furthermore, any shift at the top means a dislocation in all the ranks below. So the rivals are in the ambiguous position of being compelled to support that which they consciously hate. Consequently, it is inevitable that the leader lives in a world of tension, where lesser men bid for his favors and secretly damn him as they accept them.

None of us, I am convinced, loves a man who has the power to humiliate us, in little ways or big. By calling on someone else to make the historic speech at conventions or forgetting to include us on a trip to the races, he puts us in our places. We, in turn, respond by not quite being ourselves. We present the point of view most apt to win acceptance and tell the boss what we think he wants to hear, rather than the truth he should be told. We no longer respect ourselves when the boss does not respect us. Thus we prostitute him and ourselves, and we contribute not only to the leader's loneliness but to his lack of information and consequent errors of judgment as well.

There is no more intellectually stultifying experience than being surrounded by flatterers who fear to speak their minds and instead play on their boss's vanity. Royal courts once welcomed "fools" who dared speak honestly, for they protected the ruler against his own close advisers. We produce fools, but they speak according to formula and protect nothing but their own soft seats.

It seems to me that the profoundest argument for rotation of leadership arises here. It is just too much to expect men to speak as equals

when their security and advancement is at stake. After a period of such unequal relations, such a failure to give and take, the labor leader is inclined to wonder what the person who is seeking to see him really wants. What gossip concerning a rival is to be passed on, what favors are being sought for friends or relatives, what special pleading is about to be made for some favorite person or project—these are the expectations. Knowing the delicate balances among his followers, the leader plays the ambitions of one against the other, and as they checkmate each other, he continues his rule. If you doubt this analysis, study the CIO prior to convention, feel the tremors which shake its very foundation when it is rumored that Mr. Murray is retiring. Or similarly, watch the AF of L continue William Green in office because "the rivals for his spot cancel each other out."

Yes, labor leaders are lonely, and will continue to be so until we create a world where men meet as equals and speak as equals. Staff men, theoretically, are expected to base their counsel on fact and foresight. They are supposed to be above the battle. But this is rarely so. The smart staff man, interested in his own survival, learns what the policy is and what the boss wants. He, too, has ambitions—for a larger staff, for increased opportunities to see the boss and thus to advance his private interest. Often these boot-licking staff men are more to be despised than the political fawners—perhaps because they have so little power. Even when they have ideals which transcend their self-interest it is hard to convince anyone of the fact.

The Sunday before leaving CIO, I did a broadcast on a subject which was very dear to me—increased educational opportunity for America's children. One of my political superiors heard the talk and stepped into my office to congratulate me. "You really believe in what you said!" he commented. "Yes," I replied. "Haven't you discovered that after knowing me for six years?"

The moral is obvious. The prevailing pattern is so prevailing that the exceptions make but little impact. Unfortunately, the pressure on top leadership is so great that there is seldom time to meet and simply talk or share creative dreams. Almost never do the opportunities exist —such as make a university such a delightful place to work—to discuss ideas and then to move from the abstract to the personal. No, indeed! In union circles, leaders are impaled on the horns of constant dilemmas. There is always a crisis impending or a catastrophe to be avoided.

And, unfortunately, the structures of the great unions are such that almost all questions must be resolved by the chief. Phil Murray moves from questions of state to the bickering of staff men and the quarrels of secretaries in one short hour. For him there is no escape. He sits on the throne. His are the judgments. There were times during my work with him, when the load he carried seemed appalling to me—times when I wanted to know him well enough so that I might enjoy the silences of his presence as well as his opinions. But for me this was not possible. Ours was too great a gulf in heritage, experience and outlook. Perhaps the day will come when books and music and ideas for their own sake will be a part of the conversations of men in power in the labor movement, but that time is far away.

The secretaries of union big shots invite a study all their own. Most of them are persons of great power, dedicated to the perpetuation of that power. There is no better way to do so than to contribute to the boss's isolation by making him difficult to contact. After all, he cannot be so very important if anyone can see him. Even in the minor spot I held, I was once lectured by a secretarial protector on my ease of approach. (It was not helping her status among that of her peers to have a boss who went out in the hall to welcome callers.) If a boss is naturally distrustful, all he needs is a secretary who discreetly contributes to his suspicions to make his life complete—and his loneliness overwhelming. In such a situation no one can be trusted, and usually no one is.

Special occasions are the best time to experience the culmination of such phenomena. Christmas parties are an effort to meet and celebrate the birthday of Him who came to be a servant. Men call each other by their first names, join in group singing, and try to achieve for a brief hour that which is not lived throughout the year. Sometimes there is more difference and class consciousness in the simulated camaraderie of special occasions than in the easy formality of Mr. Everyman's world. At least, that has been my experience. When I sojourned in the AF of L world, where the word "brother" was used in addressing fellow officers, the form was present but the spirit long since was dead. Nevertheless, I must confess, I wish titles were once more limited and all men in the labor movement were once more simply brothers.

But such a return to the simple fellowship is impossible. The union movement is no longer a fellowship of dreamers sharing faith

and aspiring to a common destiny. Neither its leaders nor the rank and file sing any more, or testify, or emerge from the ranks. Today, big unionism is big business, and its power structure resembles that of the corporation. Similar abilities are demanded of its executives and its experts. Orders in both worlds usually pass from the top down. Senior executives and top leaders support those below them more for their loyalty than for their competence. In a sense, there is a class structure in the union world, determined by power, prestige, and income, much as there is in the corporation world. The world of mine and factory, the world of dingy union halls, the world of indigenous protest has long since passed away. Efficiency has conquered enthusiasm, statistics have won out over men. Naturally there is loneliness, and brotherhood can have little meaning. Brotherhood grows out of community, never out of hierarchy. Jesus knew this, for in His kingdom, those who would be first were asked to be servants. He described a republic, never a kingdom. And in this republic all men were the Sons of God and therefore equal.

Many times I have wondered if there has not been too much speechmaking in union conventions. And I say this even though I know how important the art of speaking is for men who aspire to power in the union movement. Almost without exception the top men of labor are great orators, intoxicated by their own voices. The orator, the man who speaks to the crowd and sways it with his eloquence, is a man apart. His audience is an instrument on which he plays, and an instrument is never the equal of the musician who plays upon it.

The orator is therefore a man set apart and therefore a lonely man. His is seldom the opportunity of having his opinions challenged. Perhaps it would be better for him and the movement if the organization were structured so that the leader sat at a round table and exchanged ideas freely and equally with the led.

A sense of humor would also be helpful. But labor leaders are not inclined to laugh at themselves. I wish they could, for doing so would be the first step in overcoming the loneliness which so much sets them apart.

The ability to laugh at oneself is the first step toward the creation of a fellowship of equals. Doubting one's own infallibility is the first step to the inclusion of others in the circle of his need. Once the circle

is established, communion is not possible without love. And love demands our acceptance as persons shorn of title, prestige and all the externals of office. We are accepted for what we are—yes, in spite of what we are.

Yes, labor leaders are lonely. Yet I conclude this article, which in spots is critical of the man isolated from his fellowmen by personal inclination and system, more in sorrow than in anger. I know that as long as big government and big organizations exist, men will be set apart, and consequently lonely. Recognizing this, I believe that the set-apart must be governed by a true humility, rooted in the soil of everyday living, and hence willing to return to the people who gave them rise. When they are not such men, when indispensability becomes their God, the people must protect themselves by insuring that they are so returned, even against their own wishes and the indispensability they so unbelievably believe real.

Rooming House

By WILLARD N. MARSH

Past doorways like upended coffin lids
It leads you, to four walls equipped with care
With pitcher, lamp, Retreat from Waterloo,
The stepped-off yards of predigested air.

It fluffs its hennaed hair and sniffs your breath,
Recites the canons of its regimen:
No credit, rebates, nor excessive use
Of radios and women after ten.

And leaves you to unpack above a view
Of plank-faced children in the next-door flat
Preparing for an appendectomy
Upon a neighbor's apathetic cat.

Each time you meet a stranger in the hall
It will be you, alive, dying, or doing
Nothing but getting home in time for death
Who always seems to smell of keys and blueing.

WILLARD N. MARSH has been Air Force radio operator, dance band musician, mill worker, waiter, gag writer. He is a frequent contributor of poetry to the literary reviews.

Some Observations on the Limits of Totalitarian Power

By DAVID RIESMAN

TWENTY and even ten years ago, it was an important intellectual task (and one in which, in a small way, I participated) to point out to Americans of good will that the Soviet and Nazi systems were not simply transitory stages, nor a kind of throwback to the South American way—that they were, in fact, new forms of social organization, more omnivorous than even the most brutal of earlier dictatorships. At that time, there were many influential people who were willing to see the Nazis as a menace but insisted that the Bolsheviks were a hope. And even today one can find individuals who have no inkling of the terror state—people who, for instance, blame "the" Germans for not throwing Hitler out, or for compromising themselves by joining Nazi party or other organizations, or who attribute Soviet behavior to the alleged submissiveness of the Russian character or trace it back to Czarist despotism and expansionism and whatnot. Yet it seems to me that now the task of intellectual and moral awakening has been pretty well performed, and stands even in danger of being overperformed; in pursuit of the few remaining "liberals who haven't learned," groups such as this [the American Committee on Cultural Freedom] may mistake the temper of the country at large, misdeploy their energies, and, paradoxically, serve complacency in the very act of trying to destroy complacency.

Intellectual communication, in this as in other cases, cannot avoid the ambiguities arising from the differing attitudes in the American audience at large. I know that I will be misunderstood. For one thing, those who have suffered directly at the hands of the totalitarians, and

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This article is developed from an address, November 28, 1951, to the American Committee on Cultural Freedom forum on "The Appeals of Totalitarianism." DAVID RIESMAN is Professor of the Social Sciences in the College of the University of Chicago and is a member of the Committee on Human Development at the University. He is the author of *The Lonely Crowd* and of *Faces in the Crowd*, just published by Yale University Press.

who can undoubtedly find many audiences where complacency still rules—where, for example, the Soviet Union is still sneakingly regarded as somehow on the right track as against "capitalist exploitation"—such people may feel that I take too lightly the domestic well-wishers of the Soviet Union, or the lethargic. No one likes being robbed of a well-earned agenda.

Yet I cannot help but feel that the telling of atrocity stories—undoubtedly true stories—may have ambivalent consequences and, after a time, may harm the very cause in hand. Let me give as an illustration the way in which many liberals today, in government service or in academic life, repeat tales of loyalty-probe incompetence or injustice, of school board and trustee confusion between liberals and "Reds," of stupid F.B.I. questions, and so on. Such tales are meant to arouse us against the dangers of domestic reaction, but they have frequently the consequence of leading a government employee to burn back issues of *The New Masses*, of a faculty to drop the *Communist Manifesto* from its reading list, of a student to fear getting involved with even Americans for Democratic Action lest it prejudice his employment possibilities. Then such tales are in turn spread, to justify still further concessions to an alleged need to conform to the prevailing climate of opinion. Indeed, I often suspect that the people who tell such stories are, unconsciously, seeking to create a climate which will justify in their own minds the concessions they are making—or, sometimes, a climate which, being worse in those they have spoken to and convinced, is better "inside" than "out." That is, the person who tells such stories (and, as I've indicated, it doesn't matter that they are true stories, one must distinguish between the weight and purpose of different truths) can feel he is bowing to strong pressures when he himself for instance drops a friend who might be suspected of an undue interest in racial equality; he can also have the luxury of realizing, in another mood, that things may not be quite so bad as they are painted, since he has done some of the painting. But the result of all this is clearly self-confirming: those who might stand out against the pressures, and thus prove them to be (as I think) not so strong as maintained—if one is a genuine liberal and does not have a fellow-traveling record to live down—bow to the pressures and thus increase their weight. What is feared then becomes, in part precisely because of the fear, an overpowering reality.

Now I want to suggest that something of the same sort may occur if we begin, after greatly underestimating, to greatly overestimate the capacity of totalitarianism to restructure human personality. During the last war, I talked with many people who were concerned with the plans for occupying Germany at war's end. Most assumed that there would be not only physical but organizational chaos and that it was necessary to have skilled civil affairs officers to take over tasks that the Germans, broken by Hitler and the war, could not assume for themselves. I felt that this was unduly patronizing of a great and gifted people, capable of spontaneous organization and of settling affairs with the Nazis if the occupying powers merely held the ring and supplied some necessities of life. I think we can make the same mistake—for I believe it was a mistake—about the Soviet Union and its satellites, and fail to see that even the terror is not omnipotent to destroy all bonds of organization among its victims.

Similarly, I think we can become so fascinated with the malevolence of Stalinism that we may tend to overestimate its efficiency in achieving its horrible ends; and we may mistake blundering compulsions or even accidents of "the system" for conspiratorial genius. Overinterpretation is the besetting sin of intellectuals anyway and even when, with Hannah Arendt, we rightly point to the need to cast traditional rationalities aside in comprehending totalitarianism, we may subtly succumb to the appeal of an evil mystery; there is a long tradition of making Satan attractive in spite of ourselves. And the more practical danger of this is that we may, again reacting from underestimation,[1] misjudge not so much the aims as the power of the enemy and be unduly cowed or unduly aggressive as a result.

Consequently, I want to open up a discussion of some of the de-

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[1]I have had some fairly extended experience of this. I remember in 1931 talking with American engineers in the Soviet Union who thought the Russians too incompetent in the mechanical arts ever to build tractors, let alone planes; they failed, as it seemed to me, to realize how the huge friction of Soviet incompetence could be partly overcome by the even huger burning up of human resources if one cared not at all about them. Likewise, when some seemed complacent about the Chinese Communists on the ground that "you could never organize the unbelligerent Chinese for aggressive war," I felt that this left out of account the awful weapon of systematic terror and utter ruthlessness about killing one's "own" people that is Moscow's first export to its satellites and "national" Communist parties.

fenses people have against totalitarianism. Not that these defenses—I shall discuss apathy, corruption, free enterprise, crime, and so on—threaten the security system of the Soviets; that system is a new social invention and there are as few defenses against annihilation by it as against annihilation by atom bombs. Indeed, in some ways totalitarianism is actually strengthened by these partial defenses people are able to throw up against it, which make it possible for many people to compromise with the system as a whole. But at least a few European thinkers may be perplexed by the readiness of Americans, lacking first-hand experience of people's capacity to resist, to assume that totalitarianism possesses the kind of psychological pressure system pictured by Orwell in that sadistic but symptomatic book, *1984*: here is a fantasy of omnipotent totalitarian impressiveness which I think may itself, among those who admire efficiency and have little faith in man, be an appeal of totalitarianism for those outside its present reach.

For we must distinguish, first of all, between the appeals of totalitarianism when it is out of power and its appeals when in power; my concern here is mainly with the latter. Out of power, totalitarianism competes like any other party, only more so: it can be all things to all men, attracting the idealist by its promise to reform society, to clean out the swindlers; attracting the disoriented and bewildered by its simplistic "explanations" of their misery and of their world, and by promising to get rid of seeming anarchy by enforcing social co-operation; and attracting the sadist in the way the Berkeley study of the "Authoritarian Personality" has documented. (In the Moslem countries and the Far East, the Communists do not need even this much of an armory: a promise to drive out the foreign devils while promising Western-style commodities to everyone may be almost enough.) Most large-scale societies will offer a spectrum of people available for the high-minded, middle-minded, and low-minded aspects of totalitarian politics, though probably a crisis is necessary to convert their organization into a fighting revolutionary party with a real hope of capturing power. That is, the fact that totalitarianism has captured a country doesn't tell us as much as some observers have supposed about the character of its total population; the mass base necessary can be far less than a majority and it can include people of profoundly non-totalitarian personalities who have been fooled—to whom the appeal

has not been a very deep-going one.[2]

When the latter wake up to the fact that the God they followed has failed them, it is of course too late to change deities. For many years it seemed to me that the Soviet Union was more dangerous in this respect than the Nazis, let alone the Fascists in Spain and Italy, because the latter were so clearly corrupt that they could not help but disillusion their idealists rapidly. Thus, during the Nazi regime, while the concentration camps were more or less hidden, the power and pelf struggles within the Nazi echelons were not: Hitler might remain for some unsullied, but hardly the party bums and barons of lesser magnitude, struggling to build up private empires of business and espionage. The ideological trappings fell away speedily enough. To be sure, there remained some fanatics, especially perhaps in the SS, savagely incorruptible. But many Germans who were drawn to the Nazis precisely by their claim to eliminate corruption were quickly enlightened when they saw the even greater corruption introduced. As against this, the Communists have seemed more incorruptible—a kind of Cromwellian type, hard-bitten and ascetic—thus perhaps retaining ideological impressiveness as well as gaining physical oppressiveness even after being installed in power. And certainly that impressiveness remains even today for many of those outside the system. Inside, however, there is some evidence—and of course only tantalizingly little—that corruption, blackmarketing, crime, and juggling of figures are widespread; presumably this makes it hard for the idealistic young to be overimpressed with the system's ethical rightness. To be sure, we have had such "training" in contempt for bourgeois comfort-seeking and the dangers of the desire for wealth, that if a Communist is desirous not of wealth but of power he can more readily appear idealistic; perhaps we should learn that the *auri sacra fames*, the cursed hunger for gold, is not half so dangerous to the human race as the ascetic drive for power—a point recently re-made by Eric Hoffer in *The True Believer*. Indeed, anyone who claims he wishes to eliminate vice utterly is declar-

[2]What I have said here needs to be qualified by an understanding of the less conscious motives which attract people to a totalitarian party. The Nazis, for example, were not really all things to all men; they gave the wink to some men that, for instance, their legality was merely window-dressing, and the latter could use the window-dressing to satisfy their conscious inhibitions against what at bottom drew them to the party. See, for example, Erik H. Erikson's discussion of "Hitler's Imagery and German Youth," in *Childhood and Society*, pp. 284-315.

ing a very dangerous and antihuman heresy—one all too prevalent, I might add, in today's municipal and national politics in this country. We must teach ourselves, and the young, to distinguish between genuine idealism and arrogant, curdled indignation against behavior which falls short of some monastic image of virtue.

More generally, I have long thought that we need to re-evaluate the role of corruption in a society, with less emphasis on its obviously malign features and more on its power as an antidote to fanaticism. Barrington Moore in *Soviet Politics*, and Margaret Mead in *Soviet Attitudes Toward Authority* present materials documenting the Soviet campaign against the corrupting tendencies introduced into the system by friendship and family feeling—some of Mead's quotations could have come from Bishop Baxter or other Puritan divines, and others from American civil service reformers. While Kravchenko shows how one must at once betray friends in the Soviet regime when they fall under state suspicion—and here, too, the Soviets are more tyrannous than the Nazis who expected friends to intercede with the Gestapo—it would appear that such human ties have never been completely fragmented, whether by Puritanism,[3] industrialism, or their savagely sudden combination in Bolshevism. Actually, people have had to defend themselves against the Soviet system's high demands for performance by building personal cliques, by favoritism, by cultivating cronies; thus, an informal network has continued to operate alongside the formal one, whose extraordinary expectations can in fact only be met in this way. (Similarly, Petrov points out that no amount of indoctrination has persuaded the Russian people to like and admire spies and informers, or to extirpate from their own reactions the profoundly human emotion of pity.)

To be sure, corruption does not always and inevitably work as a solvent for ideological claims. Hannah Arendt, returning from Germany last year, described the way in which many middle-class, educated Germans, in order to justify to themselves within their rigid code the compromises they made with the Nazi system, had to exalt that system ideologically; they were trapped by complicity as they would not have been had they been more cynical. Incidentally, their

[3] While I think that there are many revealing analogies between theocratic Calvinism in its heyday and Stalinism, I do not think the similarities should be pressed too far; among many other differences, the Puritans—in any case, far less powerful—believed in law.

wives, who had to hunt for subsistence on the blackmarket, were probably better off in this respect—they did the needful things to keep going, while allowing their husbands to remain deceived in their older morality. And it could at least be argued that women—as the Bachofen-Fromm interpretation of the Oedipus trilogy would indicate—are more immune than men to impersonal and abstract ideals; they are more conservative in the good and in the bad sense—more "realistic."

I am not, it should be clear, discussing what are called resistance movements, but rather what might be called resistance quiescences. I am talking about the quieter modes of resistance to totalitarianism, not so much in practical life as in mental obeisance, in refusal to internalize the system's ethical norms. I am, moreover, quite unable to say what *proportion* of people, either under the Nazi regime or the Soviet, succumbed or managed to defend themselves in this way; I cannot assign quantitative weights to one mode or the other. It is one of our difficulties as intellectuals that we cannot easily assign such weights. We are likely to overestimate symbolic behavior that appears to give deference to totalitarian power. And the testimony of intellectuals who once believed in totalitarianism and have now fled it is further indication as to the dangers of a totalitarian regime for the emotional life of people like ourselves: ours is in many ways the most exposed position since overt obedience to mere power is least habitual, and since we need—whatever our rational beliefs about men's irrationality—to justify and integrate our behavior in some fashion, perhaps especially so when we ourselves are wholesalers or retailers of ideology.

Myrdal, when he visited this country, commented on the "protective community" of the Negroes and of lower-class people generally who, vis-a-vis the whites and the authorities, "ain't seen nothing or nobody"; long training has made them adept in duplicity, evasion, and sly sabotage. (A similar phenomenon exists in Italian peasant communities, under the name of *"la omertà."*) True, this kind of protective community breaks down on occasion, even under the relatively mild pressures and promises of white or official society; the Soviets have much more violent and fearsome methods. Moreover, the Soviet secret police are facing a population most of which is new to urban life, ways and byways: industrialization always stirs the melting pot and throws strange peoples together who have little under-

standing or sympathy with each other, or whose suspicion of each other can be easily aroused. Whereas the workers of Hamburg were already accustomed to the industrial revolution and its problems and prospects of social interaction, the Soviet Union is in a sense one vast labor camp where social organization has to start pretty much from scratch.[4] Even so, I think it likely that there are protective communities in Russian farms and factories, which punish Stakhanovites and cope with spies.

In a brilliant recent article in *The Reporter*, Lionel Trilling has delineated the anti-social, anti-societal bent of a great deal of American literature: Huck Finn escaping the well-meant civilizing clutches of the Widow Douglas is a good illustration of his theme. But we may raise the question whether such escapes—if not to the open spaces then to a protective community or an underground institution like a blind pig or a whorehouse—are not to be found in all the major cultures which have any complex institutions at all, and possibly even in the simplest cultures if we only knew where to look for them. We must never underestimate the ability of human beings to dramatize, to play roles, to behave in ways that seem contradictory only if we do not appreciate the changes in scene and audience. A friend of mine, Mark Benney, riding a train with peasants in Nazi Germany, was struck by their impassivity of feature. When he and another stranger, a Nazi, got off the train, he could feel behind him a sudden relaxation of facial and postural tensions, and looking back he saw people who were, in a sense, not at all the same people.[5]

[4]There is no space here to go into the analogous problem of the concentration camps themselves. Kogon's and David Rousset's accounts would seem to indicate that in these camps some prisoner rule developed, and much corruption (reminiscent of the kangaroo courts in the worst American jails), with various groups of prisoners fighting among themselves, and with guard allies, for hegemony. When I raised this problem at the Committee's meeting, Hannah Arendt insisted that the camps described by Kogon and Rousset were exceptions, and that in most no such prisoner ingenuities and defenses developed. Reliable evidence is hard to come by; see, however, Theodore Abel, "The Sociology of Concentration Camps" in December, 1951, *Social Forces,* vol. 30, pp. 150-155, which offers some support for my own position; and see, also, David P. Boder, *I Did Not Interview the Dead.*

[5]In a letter, Norman Birnbaum has suggested that the peasants' uneasiness was pre-political—due to their natural reserve with urban people (city slickers) not of their kind. But he also points out that if this were the case it would not change

By the block system and the other machinery of a police terror, the Soviets can cut off many of the traditional underground institutions, and make others too hazardous for all but a few heroes. But even in such a case, human ingenuity is not completely helpless. Overfulfillment—literal obedience to extravagant Soviet demands—can be another form of sabotage; I have heard tell of one group of Moscow cynics who would go to meetings and joyfully accuse all and sundry of deviationism as a sure way to break up the party. All fanatical movements, I would suggest, are as threatened by the real or pretended deviations in the direction of perfect obedience as by the underground. Beyond all this, there remains the escape into the self, the escape of withdrawal, of what Kris and Leites have termed "privatization." The Soviet press, by its attacks on the practice, gives evidence that depoliticization tendencies are strong, and one would expect people to develop ritualized ways of handling their political exhortations without inner conviction.

In my 1931 visit to the Soviet Union, I talked with students who had decided to go into medicine or engineering, rather than journalism or writing, as more protected, less polemical and sensitive areas; doubtless, many of them were sadly fooled when, in the purges, they found themselves accused of sabotage and wrecking, or even theoretical deviations based on their seemingly unideological decisions. Ever since then, I have sought to find out whether young people were able to choose army careers, or skilled labor, as ways of avoiding such dangers; I have found some evidence that such escapes are extremely unlikely since bright boys are already spotted in high school and compelled as well as bribed to develop their talents and deploy them; they cannot hide their light under a bushel.

One of the reasons why young people are willing to assume dangerous responsibilities is of course that the rewards of success in managerial posts are very great. It has become obvious that Soviet managers are no longer held, as in the earlier years of the regime, to ascetic standards of living. It is possible that, among the abler cadres, an entrepreneurial, risk-taking attitude towards life is encouraged, which makes the prospect of becoming a factory manager with access to women, dachas, power, and glory worth taking the risk that it

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the fundamental fact: the ability of people to be "two-faced" and to practice social concealment on the basis of minimal cues.

won't last, and may even be succeeded by exile and still grimmer fates —a psychology which bears some resemblance to that occasionally found among professional soldiers for whom battles mean promotions as well as deadly dangers.

But monetary rewards have their own logic. The loose change in people's pockets tends to encourage free enterprise or, as it is known in the Soviet Union, the black market. The black market also enters when managers scrounge for goods in order to fulfill production quotas and so remain managers. And business as usual, like other forms of corruption, is a wonderful solvent for ideologies, useful particularly because of its own ordinarily unideological character. Under the Nazis, both in Germany and in the occupied countries, business was often almost an unconscious sabotage of the regime: people in pursuit of their private ends violated the public rules without, so to speak, intending any resistance. They did not have to be heroes, any more than the scofflaws were who drank under American prohibition, or the fellow who wants to make a fast buck in the Western war economies. Guenter Reimann in his book *The Vampire Economy*, tells as a characteristic story the answer to a question as to what a permit from a Party member for a certain commodity would cost: "Well, it all depends on what kind of a Party member you have to deal with. If he no longer believes in National Socialism, it will cost you a hundred marks. If he still does, five hundred marks. But if he is a fanatic, you will have to pay a thousand marks."[6]

In the past, we have tended to interpret such signs of passive resistance in terms of our hope for an eventual overthrow of the system from within; we have been like the Marxists who thought contradictions would bring capitalism down. Now we know that it takes more to destroy a system than its own contradictions, and we have been apt to go to the other extreme and assume that the system was, there-

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[6]Dr. Arendt in her rebuttal criticized the relevance of this and similar incidents on the ground that they occurred prior to Germany's entry into World War II—prior, that is, to the descent of the iron curtain which protected and facilitated complete totalitarianism. Without the slightest doubt, the Nazis grew ever more ferocious as the war progressed—thus, mass genocide did not really get under way until then; nevertheless, just because of the iron curtain, it is all the more necessary to examine whether the system did ever become efficiently monolithic even when all possible restraints of a humanitarian or public-relations sort disappeared. Cf. Trevor-Roper's *The Last Days of Hitler*.

fore, since it didn't collapse, all-seeing and all-powerful over the minds of men. Two errors common to the social sciences have worked together to this end. The first error, as just indicated, is to imagine social systems as monolithic, and as needing to be relatively efficient to remain in power. Actually, systems roll on, as people do, despite glaring defects and "impossible" behavior. We have created an imaginary image of what it takes for an institution to keep going; in fact, it can go on with little support and less efficiency. One reason for this mirage we have is that when a revolution does occur, we explain it as a matter of course by pointing to the defects of the previous system—and we fall here into the error of supposing that what happened *had* to happen. Barring relatively accidental factors, the system might well have gone on for a long while. (Incidentally, this same historicist error is an element in the overestimation of the power of totalitarian appeals; we assume, for example, that these appeals were responsible for Hitler's victory in Germany as if that victory were a foregone conclusion and not a series of reversible choice-points.) Social scientists, having logical minds and being efficient themselves—even when they sing the praises of irrationality—seldom take a sufficiently perspectivistic view of a society to see it as rolling along in spite of all the things which should bring it to a stop. In this error, of course, they do not stand alone; most of us tend to overinterpret the behavior of others, especially perhaps when we are menaced by them.

The second error, which is perhaps historically older, is more formidable. It assumes that men can be readily manipulated and controlled, either as the earlier utopians thought in pursuit of some greatly uplifted state, or as the more recent anti-utopians such as Huxley and Orwell have thought, in pursuit of vulgarity and beastliness. (Orwell, to be sure, exempts his proles from the ravages of ideology.) Social science is concerned with prediction, with categorizing human beings and social systems. So it has perhaps a professional bias towards cutting men down to the size of the categories, and not allowing them to play the multiplicity of roles, with the multiplicity of emotional responses, that we constantly show ourselves capable of. Thus we run into a paradox. On the one hand, we think men can be adjusted into some Brave New World because of fundamental human plasticity and flexibility, while on the other hand we do not see that men's ability precisely to fit, part-time, into such a world is what saves them from

having to fit into it as total personalities. We have assumed—and in this of course we reflect our own cultural attitudes—that people must be co-operative in order to co-operate, whereas throughout history people have co-operated because to do so made realistic sense, because certain conditions were met, and not because of the psychological appeal of co-operation per se. We have, under the pressure of recent events, reacted against the older view of writers like Sumner that people and cultures can hardly be changed at all towards the view that they can not only be changed but can be easily destroyed.

Ever since the rise of the bourgeoisie and of public opinion and mass politics, people have been afraid of the seeming chaos created by the open fight of special interest groups. The fight is open because there is a press and because each group tries both to solidify its own members and to recruit others by universalizing its appeals. In the contemporary world, there are many influential men who believe that this war of vested interests, occurring within the framework of a democratic society, will endanger consensus and disrupt the entire social fabric. Totalitarianism, in fact, makes an appeal, less to people's special interests as, let us say, workers, than to their fear of all competing interests, including even their own as these are organized by lobbies and pressure groups. Having an image of society as it ought to be, as orderly and co-operative, they tend to welcome, especially of course when the going gets rough, a system which promises to eliminate all social classes and other vested interests which impede co-operation. Thus, on the one hand they are frightened by the ideal of a pluralistic, somewhat disorderly, and highly competitive society—still the best ideal in the business, in my opinion—while on the other hand, their view of men as plastic allows them to suppose that the totalitarians will change all that and transform men into automatically socialized creatures like the ants. When we put matters this way, we can see that there may be grandiose fantasies at the bottom of some of the fears of people like Orwell, deeply repressed fantasies of human omnipotence such as Hannah Arendt has traced in the totalitarians themselves.

For me, the most striking conclusion to be drawn from the state of Germany today, from the stories of the refugees from behind the Iron Curtain, even from the present behavior of former concentration camp inmates, is precisely how hard it is permanently to destroy most people psychologically. Once the terror is removed, they appear to snap

back, ravaged as in any illness, but capable of extraordinary recuperative efforts. In extreme situations such as Dr. Bettelheim has described, people sink to almost incredible abysses or more rarely rise to incredible heights; but if they survive at all, they exhibit an astonishing capacity to wipe away those nightmares.

As the concept of social harmony and integration has misled us as to the amount of disorganization a going society can stand, so I believe that the concept of psychological integration has misled us as to the amount of disintegration and inconsistency of response that an individual can stand. Even in our society, we tell lies to ourselves and others all day long; we are split personalities; yet, with a minimum amount of support from the system, we manage to keep going. All our days we give hostages to history and fortune, and yet are able to call on self-renewing aspects of the ever-filled cup of life.

A certain immunity to ideologies seems to me to be spreading in the world, if not as fast as totalitarianism, at least in its wake. This immunity is far from perfect, even in its own terms. Totalitarianism can appeal to cynics in their cynicism just as much as to idealists in their idealism. An ideology can be fashioned out of anti-ideology, as totalitarian parties have been fashioned out of an anti-party program. And a world is certainly ill-omened in which we must fear the enthusiasm of the young, and prefer their apathy, because we have learned (a hundred and fifty years after Burke) to fear ideas in politics.

We simply do not know whether, over a series of generations, it is possible to rob people even of the freedom of their apathy. Very likely people need at least some ability to communicate disaffection if they are not to conclude that only they alone are out of step. And privatization implies accepting the given regime as part of the order of nature, not to be fought by the likes of oneself—only in that way can terrible guilt feelings be avoided.[7] There comes to mind the story of a German anti-Nazi who, shortly after Hitler's coming, had taken a job as stenographer to an SS committee. Everything went well for a while; his convictions remained unshaken, and he continued old Socialist

[7]We must be careful in evaluating evidence here. A group of people near Frankfurt remarked to my colleague Everett Hughes, when he had won their confidence, "Unter Hitler war Es doch besser." This did not mean they had been or were still Nazis, but just the opposite, namely that they were making an unideological judgment, immune as well to Occupation, to democracy, as to Nazism.

associations. But then one day he had a paralysis of his right arm; he could not move it at all. He went to a psychiatrist, who came quickly to the source of the paralysis, namely that the stenographer could not resign himself to the constant Heil Hitler salutes.

And, indeed, many of the defenses I have discussed are little better than forms of paralysis which, by their presence, evidence the resistance men put up against seemingly implacable destinies. I would prefer to see men fighting back through paralysis than succumbing through active incorporation of the enemy. But this is hardly an optimum way to live one's life, and we cannot be—even apart from the danger to ourselves—unmoved by the plight of those now living and dying under Communist regimes. All we can do while we seek ways to bring those regimes down without war is to find our way to a more robust view of man's potentialities, not only for evil, about which we have heard and learned so much, not only for heroism, about which we have also learned, but also for sheer unheroic cussed resistance to totalitarian efforts to make a new man of him.

Patron of the Arts

By Joseph Joel Keith

Come out. We see your shadow here.
This is the false man whose long legs
stride as polite applauders cheer—
like waiters bowing to paying yeggs.

You, publicized Christianity,
sculptured in golden image, donor,
hang up your paid-for, poor degree—
honorary, without honor.

Come out in the honest sunlight's glare.
We see you (boo!) behind your bush.
Come, little man, and take our dare.
Our gloved applause is like a hush.

Joseph Joel Keith's new book of poetry *The Stubborn Root* has just been published by the University of Nebraska Press. His poems have appeared in many magazines and in seven countries.

A STORY

And There Are Things for Tears

By SAMUEL YELLEN

As Wally Watson sat on the terrace in the luminous May twilight and contemplated the glossy green lawn enclosed by privet hedge and rough stone wall, he supposed he *was* something of a sentimentalist. But the occasion was, after all, a sentimental one. There the four of them were, as they had been so many many times, seated in the graceful filigreed wrought-iron chairs around the low oval table with the top of thick aquamarine glass, drinking their old-fashioneds before dinner. There was the sweet candid homely face of his wife funny little Emily, and the dear dear old familiar faces of Bill and Jane Huddleston. Everything was as it had so often been, as, by all rights, it should be time without end. Except that—Wally nodded his head slowly and sadly. Except that this was the last time, this was finis, this was *it*, the farewell party he had never permitted himself to foresee. The occasion had subdued all of them; and since they (thank heaven!) were not the kind to feel under compulsion to make conversation, talk had not flourished. Each infrequent tentative utterance had been allowed to drift off and be absorbed into the hushed air. Emily, the skin drawn across her long thin bony face, brooded with downcast eyes. Bill drummed absently with his pudgy fingers on the arm of his chair or stroked his short auburn mustache. Only Jane was not lost in reverie, but sat as always, tall, erect, unrelaxed, in fact, wound up, acutely alert, with a derisive smile on her lips and mockery in her eyes. It was, of course, Jane who had called him an incorrigible sentimentalist when he had put on the long-playing record of Strauss waltzes whose lilting strains issued from behind the French windows of the living room.

The Viennese orchestra had just swung into *Frühlingstimmen*, and Wally waited in a delicate torment for the single exquisite phrase

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Samuel Yellen's work has appeared frequently in these pages, most recently his short story "The Passionate Shepherd" in the winter (1951-52) issue.

played so unexpectedly on a zither. The phrase came, and in coming did not fail to pluck at his heartstring. How well sentimental old Johannes had understood! The sheer inspiration of that zither, with a plangency as though the silver cord were about to break! It was one of the voices of Spring cutting in on the others to remind us that no beauty exists without its sadness, no sadness without its beauty. And particularly here on the terrace behind the house, this snug enchanted concealment for which he was eternally indebted to the imagination of the previous owner, did he feel the sharp blade of beauty, did the wound throb. In this spellbound realm, all was softened, veiled, muted. Vines of Virginia creeper mantled the back wall of the house, screening even the windows, and grass and moss muffled the flagstones of the terrace. The privet hedge shut out the neighboring houses, while the feathery violet sky was not so much a sky as a cyclorama hung there to enclose them securely and yet to suggest the boundless depths of sky. The sounds of the outside world intruded only as whispers. The tires of a passing car crunched the gravel of the road running below the rock garden along one side of the terrace, a catbird miaowed in a nearby yard, and pots and pans rattled distantly in the kitchen where Ruby Tate and her husband Hannibal were getting dinner.

But what, above all else, gave the place its air of enchantment was the matched pair of apple trees, of an almost perfect symmetry, against the stone wall at the far end of the lawn, with the white blossoms sifting down ceaselessly. Spring after Spring he had observed them, and meditated on them. During the day, in the radiance of the sun, the falling blossoms appeared to him, according to his humor, as snowflakes, sparkling sea shells, gay butterflies, impressionistic daubs of white paint, or preciously carved jewels. But now in the gloaming they were pale moths fluttering down to the earth and settling on the olive-green carpet of grass. The matched pair of apple trees he also owed to his predecessor, but he had only his own genius to congratulate on the crowning touch, the full-size plaster cast of the Venus de Milo which he had set up between them. The Venus (just like fickle woman, it pleased him to think) changed in expression and mood with the changing seasons and the changing times of day. In this light, she took on a faint lavender glow (as, indeed, the petals did too), and the plaster was transformed to living flesh. The trees in their ethereal bloom and the Venus posed corporeal and voluptuous between

them made an allegorical painting belonging to the Renaissance, symbols of sacred and profane beauty, the marriage of the spirit and the flesh. And considering the modest salary of an associate professor of English Literature and Rhetoric at this small Ohio college, the profane lady had come high, so that he had had to dip into the little that remained of his patrimony. However, there was no doubt that she had been worth every farthing of it.

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The blossoms falling each May were the perennial reminder. If one needed a reminder! Stretching his long legs out in front of him, Wally viewed the emblematic tableau proudly, tenderly, with melancholy. *Sunt lacrimae rerum.* There are tears for things. Yes, Aeneas, and there are things for tears. No moment passed without its falling blossom. And yet the blossoms continued to fall as if the supply were inexhaustible. The illusion of pale moths fluttering along the grass had become so strong that he fancied he could see the wings beating and the very feelers twitching. The unrelenting rain of blossoms was a foreshadowing. Just at the twinkling of rebirth in the Spring, when the first signs of the life resurrected showed in green twig and white petal, came the Grim Reaper to bring down the bloom. That had always seemed to him a gratuitous cruelty. It was a Slaughter of the Innocents commanded each year by a bloodthirsty Herod skulking behind the scenes. Yet, taken from another aspect, this was not death after all, but the pangs of birth, the new birth of the timorous little fruit. Perhaps birth and death as separate definite events with precise borders in time were further instances of the fable perpetually manufactured by man. In actuality, was there anything but the monster Flux, Change, everlasting and never-pausing Change? There was no neat end of the line where the passengers all got out: they got out haphazard all along the way, and the way was forever. Reality was what his friendly enemies the scientists (bless their metaphorical hearts!) liked to call a continuum. No, there were no beginnings, and no finalities.

Nevertheless, the Huddlestons *were* leaving. Fable or not, *that* was a finality. After twelve wonderful years together at this quite excellent institution, suddenly, without warning, Bill had accepted an offer from the University of Washington in Seattle, off across river, plain, and mountain at the other corner of the earth. Somewhere,

Wally recalled, Robert Frost speaks of learning of finalities besides the grave. But what of the jungle of unfathomed motive and unrecognized prompting, of the tangled fate, the swaddled *mystery*, out of which the finality springs like a tiger to confront us in all its terror? Frowning, he looked across at dear benign old Bill fiddling with his drink and slouching in his chair. (Jane was always saying, "Bill, *do* try to sit up straight!") Ah, verily, there was no enigma like the familiar. It was behind the commonplace that the unknown lay in ambush. He would have wagered that if he knew anyone he knew Bill down to the innermost workings. Here was a familiar and friendly coast whose mild currents, tranquil shallows and inlets he could have charted with his eyes shut. No need to worry about treacherous undertows, hidden reefs, jagged rocks! And yet they had been caught unawares in some secret submerged swirling cross-current, and now Damon and Pythias were being ruthlessly swept apart.

He well remembered how they had first met twelve years ago. It was at the mail boxes in Morrison Hall, where the language departments were quartered. The mutual attraction had been immediate, with the legendary affinity of opposites. And *sans doute*, they *were* poles apart, almost ludicrously so, both in looks and in temperament. During moments of playfulness he would take pleasure in drawing droll comparisons with Don Quixote and Sancho Panza. Bill was Sancho, a Sancho done in less exaggerated brush strokes than the original, somewhat under middle height, stocky, rounded, nearly but not quite paunchy, with a large globe for a head, swarthy in its coloring, the auburn mustache and thick curling dark brown hair lending it a foreign cast. And he himself was Quixote, though, of course, much younger, not so gaunt, angular, and rickety, with a blond head, in the mold of classical Greek sculpture, so small as to appear boyish or adolescent on the tall lean frame. However, it was their faces that reflected the essential difference in temperament. To be scrupulously objective (and this was not the sort of observation he would ever venture in public), Bill had too placid, too bland a face, as if unmarked by thought, unruffled by vagary, frenzy, or nightmare, touched, in fact, by plumpness, and lacking his own fine grain and sensitivity. And, one had to admit, Bill was not imaginative or excitable, but stolid, matter-of-fact, with a mind like a robin, a chubby practical mind, its feet planted firmly on the ground as it hunted for

practical worms. And his own mind? A hummingbird? A dash of brilliant color streaking through the air, incredibly swift and unpredictable? Wally had to smile at the quaint little conceit.

He grew conscious that the Strauss waltzes had come to an end and the machine had shut itself off. His ears now picked up the chirp of a cricket and the metallic whirr of cicada wings. With a grimace, he shook aside the disloyal train of thought. He had not meant the comparison to be invidious. How did that song in *The Pirates of Penzance* run? With all our faults we love our Queen. Bill was not to be dismissed as a foil. No, the two of them complemented each other. Many a time Bill had served as the much-needed corrective for his own impracticality and, it might well be, excessive sensibility. Suddenly he realized that Bill was regarding him with a kind of anxiety. Their eyes met, and by way of atonement Wally smiled warmly. Bill responded with a smile that seemed to him apologetic, somehow conveying a poignant helplessness. Then why did he insist on leaving? Why? Why? The resolution, no, the downright stubbornness, came from within Bill, and no one else. In his exasperation, Wally asked aloud the same question he had asked a dozen times during the past month, not as if he expected a satisfactory answer, but rather to express his own peevish puzzlement. "What*ever* possessed you to take that offer?"

Bill's reply was likewise the same one he had given a dozen times. He spoke wearily, mechanically, clearly the line he had decided it was wisest to take and stick to. "It was a hard decision to make, Wally, but the offer was just too good to turn down."

"What's so good about it? It's not even much more money. After all, what's five hundred dollars?"

"Maybe it's simply time for a change," Bill said gently. "Time to try another part of the forest."

Wally shrugged his shoulders and threw up his hands. "Well, it just doesn't make sense to me."

At this point (and indeed Wally had been waiting for it) Jane came to Bill's rescue, as she invariably did during the past month. "Bill *is* forty years old, you know. And day by day he's not getting any younger. It's now or never if he wants to get ahead in his profession. Otherwise, Pappy will be lost forever in his comfortable little rut." Her brittle vibrant voice had a not unpleasant ring. For a minute

or two, her eyes surveyed the terrace, the lawn, the twin apple trees hung with bloom, the seductive Venus, surveyed and appraised, appraised his lovely secure bewitching retreat, appraised and judged. Then leaning forward, she tightened her lips and added with an unmistakable note of hostility, "Life *is* real, Wally. Life *is* earnest. We are not just lotus-eaters, you know."

* * *

Wally came through the French windows carrying a tray with a fresh round of old-fashioneds on it. He had to confess to himself that he had fled into the house before the not so soft impeachment in Jane's words. And yes, before the caustic edge of her voice. The instant he had heard her refer to Bill as Pappy (a practice she had taken up only in recent months) he understood that she was in a dangerous temper. Well, the claws had ripped. He had been cruelly hurt by her suggestion that staying on at this small college might be good enough for the likes of him, a grasshopper hopelessly entangled in the sticky syrup of an unreal existence. But what had hurt even more, and what still ached deep in him, was the undeniable ill will she had betrayed. In fact, now that he considered it, their relationship had undergone a strange mutation in the past year. For some obscure reason, Jane had developed an animus against *him*, as though he had slighted or injured or failed her. Unwittingly he must have offended. Yet rack his memory as he might, he could discover no sufficient cause. And once when he had attempted to discuss the matter with Emily, she had dismissed it (rather impatiently, he felt) as "imagining things." The atmosphere had been charged with it. And that he was its unhappy object, did he require any further evidence than the manner in which his faithful Emily, quiet little Emily who seldom spoke, had rushed to his defense? Somewhat to his embarrassment, she had made the point that he too had had offers, that he too had toiled and spun and published his quota of scholarly articles, that if he stayed on here it was through choice, not neglect.

And there the others sat precisely the way he had left them, as if their postures had been fixed in a childhood game of Statues. Wally sensed that they had remained silent all the while he had been in the house. That would not do at all. He handed the drinks around. "Another round of the stirrup cup can't do us any *harm*!"

Bill roused himself to chime in, "Just what the doctor ordered!"

But the heartiness was unnatural. *Gemütlichkeit* was not to be wooed by force. As Jane lifted her drink from the tray, she gave Wally an amused look that left him feeling uneasy once more. Returning to his chair, he gazed around him and took several deep breaths, as though to suck in serenity and reassurance. The twilight, however, no longer seemed luminous and lucid to him. Had the violet of the sky really deepened? Was the air truly thicker? Had patches of shadow actually fallen on the grass? Or was he, as Emily would say, imagining things again? No, the sinking barometer in his heart was warning enough. And almost like a sound effect produced off-stage to underline the dramatic mood, a locomotive somewhere in the remote countryside wailed ominously. In desperation, he turned his ear to catch the comforting clatter of china and the tinkle of glass and silver from the dining room. Back in the house, he had found Ruby Tate and Hannibal setting the table. The grave smiles on those black faces, the soft refined West Indies voices had acted upon him like a restorative. To watch that couple going quietly and capably about their accustomed tasks had washed away his uneasiness. And now, to see with his mind's eye the gleaming white figured damask, the fine translucent plates, the clear glistening goblets, the shining knives, forks, and spoons take shape under the massive low-hanging crystal chandelier into a thing of beauty gave him back his sense of confidence and well-being. The very presence of the Tates guaranteed this to be an *occasion:* that high-priced couple, in demand with all the faculty, was engaged only for dinners of significance and authority. Furthermore, the offspring had been dispatched to spend the night with the Huddleston offspring under the care of a hired sitter. Everything had been planned (and mainly by him) to make the occasion memorable.

And who could have predicted this melancholy occasion? Why had the omens not been manifest? Where had the Sibyl reading the fateful leaves hidden herself? Now that separation was hard on them, Wally had often indulged in retracing the course of their friendship. They had come here the same year directly from their graduate work, he from Harvard, Bill from Cornell. Side by side they had climbed the ladder from instructor to associate professor, with none of the usual rivalry, backbiting, or gnawing envy. Theirs had been a solid friendship based on a rock. How unlike the common variety of friendship

in the academic world, where each person was so wrapped up in his capsule, so engrossed in promoting his petty career, so busy finagling, bargaining, and jockeying for position that there was neither leisure nor spirit to cultivate genuine friendship. Oh, they got to your first name quickly enough, to slapping your back and kissing your wife. But it was all in the meaningless boisterous ephemeral manner of the resort or aboard ship. Before you were able to get beneath the surface, your "friends" were off to another stepping stone amid the loudest assurances of "keeping up" which soon expired in an exchange of Christmas cards. He had always disdained those flimsy fleeting attachments. Heartless vagabonds, sans origins, sans credentials, sans relations, sans true feelings, coming out of nowhere, going back into nowhere, they were blind to man's lonely and stormy passage on the torrent. They had not learned the elementary truth that only beauty, love, friendship might hold the monster at bay. At least for the time being. Wally shook his head grimly. For the time being. That was all you could filch from the engulfing maw.

* * *

The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried! Wally scowled into his glass. Who but Jane had undone the hoops of steel? Certainly Bill, for all his impassiveness, knew what the score was. He was no slave to a cheap fugitive ambition. No, Jane held the clue to their flight. But what private devil was driving her? For she did appear to him as one *driven*. Lately he would find himself studying that baffling face, tallow colored, tapering, patrician in its contours, never charmingly disarrayed like Emily's, but always elegantly made up, an enameled mask, above it the brownish hair, elaborately coiffured, streaked with premature gray. Somewhere within the labyrinth of that head lurked the acid bent which had turned sweet to sour. Even before this disturbed and disturbing year, she had evidenced a querulousness, a restlessness, a perverse unwillingness to be content with her very satisfactory lot. In part, it may have been the reserve, the aloofness sometimes displayed by the faculty wife whose antecedents, whose birth and connections (Jane came from an old Hartford family) persuaded her of a superiority to the surroundings capricious Fortune had reduced her to. However, there was more to it than that, something in the occult involutions of character, the quirks of temperament. Indeed,

there had been a time when he and Emily would speculate on whether Jane was the right wife for easy-going Bill, whether a marriage between two such diverse persons could be a happy one. But now that he thought of it, in the last year or two, Emily had shown a reluctance to engage in those speculations as if they might somehow be perfidious.

The cicada whirr had grown louder, more insistent, a clamor filling every nook and cranny of the dusk. Through that sheath of noise, the bang of a screen door, the putter of a motor, the barking of a dog, the shout of a child all sounded faint, detached. In this twilight hush the air did not stir; the night wind was waiting off there in the wings for its cue. The sky was now a deep purple, and the color was draining out of things. Flagstones, grass, branches, leaves, petals were lighter or darker shades of slate and black. As for the Venus and her two guardian trees, they were cardboard cutouts silhouetted against the darkling heaven. And the deepening dusk was transforming faces. In the infancy of evening, he had always felt, faces were at their best, their most attractive, their most sympathetic. With the daytime mask dissolved, the real face came through, soft, tender, *human*, bringing intimations of the beauty lying in the soul underneath. Clouds and lines which he had not seen before now appeared in Jane's face, turning hard enamel to clay, mellowing, melting, molding, until the living spirit within came to the surface. At this moment Emily's face happened to be in shadow, so that the features were hardly distinguishable. What struck him with anguish was how sharp the skull outlined itself beneath the taut skin, how frail the shroud of flesh had become. However, it was when he looked at Bill's face that he was truly shocked. It was not at all round, plump, serene. No, there were desperate hollows in the cheeks, dark blotches under the eyes, seams at the mouth. It was haggard! Yes *haggard!* When had this occurred? Had age suddenly etched in that face the news that Bill had turned forty? Or was something at work with an inward bite? Wally closed his eyes in dismay. Yet, perhaps he was magnifying. Perhaps what he saw were merely the tricks of shadow and dimming light.

With a sigh, he opened his eyes again. Why, there was a firefly! And another! And yet another! But of course! While his attention was elsewhere, their magic hour had come. With delight he watched the tiny yellow-green lanterns glowing briefly here and there at random, now to his left, now to his right, now distantly, now close by.

For a while he amused himself guessing where the next little lamp would light up. Then he stirred himself. The fireflies were his private signal. Experience had taught him that this was the critical moment, the witching moment, when the company must either be roused from their twilight study or be lost for all the evening in a bemused sleep. And usually it was up to him to animate the company, to free it from the spell. Left to silent Emily, stolid Bill, or sardonic Jane, the four would move along their separate paths into the woods of reverie until they were lost in fantastic groves from which there was no return. Yes, the time had come. He got up resolutely, set down his drink on the low table, and strode over to the French windows, on either side of which stood a shoulder-high bronze fluted stanchion topped with an antique torch-like kerosene lamp. He struck a match and lit the wicks. For a minute, he stood there, inhaling and savoring the tart odor, a little self-consciously since he felt that the others were observing this ritual. Then he stepped back to admire the archaic effect and the dancing shadows thrown by the guttering flames. When he turned, he saw Jane's eyes on him, scoffing, ironical. He stiffened momentarily in annoyance, but then recovered himself and smiled to her amicably. Her silvery voice vibrated in the air: "You do like to pull out all the stops, Wally, don't you?"

* * *

Wally stood there in the wavering light of the kerosene lamps, feeling the anger—no, nothing so raw as anger, but certainly resentment—rise in him and then subside. These taunts were becoming *de trop.* Jane was really going too far. Well, *he* would not take up her challenge. Someday perhaps, but not on this occasion. Indeed, he was ready to allow that he would *never* take up that kind of challenge. He understood himself well enough to know that he shrank from unpleasantness, from the ugliness of an open clash. Discord grated, naked malice distressed him. But it was more than that. Somehow he could not rid himself of the notion that ever since they had come out on the terrace the skirmish he and Jane had been *nolens volens* engaged in was tangential, a side action away from the field where the real battle was going on. The real battle (though he sensed it being waged nearby) was hidden from him, wrapped in a mist like those battles between immortals in Homer. Well, perhaps in his own way,

oblique, indirect, he could deal with Jane, making a game of her taunts, a little *divertissement* to restore good humor and yet show her that he was on to her. With a faint smile, he returned to his chair. Then wagging a finger at Jane, he said, "I plead guilty to the crime as charged. I *am* a sentimentalist. But what is a sentimentalist? said jesting Pilate, and would not stay for an answer. Hasn't the poor sentimentalist been much maligned? Isn't *he* when you get right down to cases the genuine hardboiled article?"

"Hardboiled!" Jane mocked.

"Yes, hardboiled. He's the original positivist, the *real* realist. He's the one who has taken life's measure, and knows the worth of each impression, each sensation. He has learned how to extract the juice so that no evanescent moment will look back upon him with scorn."

Wally paused in a kind of triumph. There was a silence. Out of the corner of his eye he noticed (or was he mistaken?) that Emily was looking at him rather oddly. As for Bill, he had let his eyelids droop, and seemed to be withdrawn from the scene.

Jane snorted. "Original positivist! Original mush-baby, you mean! So preoccupied with his mewling and puking that he has no eyes for the facts right under his nose."

In this light he could not be sure, but it seemed to him that Emily had startled. He was vexed. Did she think he could not take care of himself in an encounter with Jane? He said sharply, "Facts! Facts! The great myth of our time! The elusive chameleon Fact, ceasing to be fact at the very instant it is observed and recorded in the brain and the heart. When I see all the beauty—" He halted, and tears came to his eyes. "I feel it right here." He tapped his heart. "Yes, in the heart. *Cor cordium*. There's your fact!"

Jane gave a harsh laugh. "Maybe it all comes down to a matter of leaky valves."

Wally winced, as though he had been slapped. His face, he was sure, had gone pale. With an effort he controlled himself. Wasn't it just like Jane never to let him forget! Several years had passed since that notorious boner he had pulled, but she lost no opportunity of reminding him. It had been after the abrupt retirement of one of their colleagues because of ill health, in fact, a heart condition. Wally, overwhelmed by pity, had gone on at some length picturing the leaky valves (yes, he had used that term) allowing the blood to fall back into

the chambers of the heart, swelling that organ until it could no longer carry on its vital function and finally failed. And Jane had cut in (with relish, he recalled): "But Wally, it's not leaky valves, you know. What he's got is a coronary." Despite his great chagrin, he had been able, he flattered himself, to carry it off pretty well. He still remembered his quick recovery. "Hoist with my own canard!" he had said, capitulating with good grace.

Then trespassing upon his memory, he became aware that Bill was speaking, speaking in a low voice as if to himself, almost as if from another region. "The sentimentalist is he who wishes to enjoy—"

Wally broke in good-naturedly, "No, not that, Bill! Not Meredith's old chestnut!"

But Bill went on as if he had not heard the interruption: "—without incurring the immense debtorship for the thing done."

Bill's voice alarmed Wally. It was quavering, almost at the breaking point. He hardly recognized it as Bill's. Then he heard Jane cry out suddenly, "Look out, everybody! Pappy is going to turn on the waterworks!"

Wally looked up. It was true! Bill was *weeping!* Incredible tears were rolling down his face. Wally was aghast. What a queer turn his little *divertissement* had taken! Sancho Panza weeping! The very idea was grotesque. Bill's face was broken up, distorted. It was a gargoyle face. Embarrassed at the crude spectacle, Wally felt compelled to turn his eyes away. And yet he was touched. Imagine placid bland matter-of-fact stolid indifferent Bill so moved by this occasion! He had misjudged grossly. Bill was not so unruffled after all. He too foresaw the whole dismal separation, how in spite of all their intentions they would drift apart more and more, how the letters would dwindle to notes scribbled in haste and the notes to postcards, how at last they would be reduced to having a constrained drink together at the annual meeting of the Modern Language Association. So the full realization had come to Bill too! In a wave of commiseration, Wally felt his heart contract and flutter. "Yes, Bill," he said soothingly, "parting is such sweet sorrow."

A hoarse voice, a shattered voice, surely not Bill's but some stranger's, croaked in his ear. "Parting is death death death death! Don't kid yourself otherwise!"

For a minute no one stirred. As Wally stared in grisly fascination

at the tears now streaming down Bill's face and at the drops caught in the mustache, Emily leaned forward and put her hand on Bill's arm. How like her, Wally thought fondly, how like his sweet compassionate little Emily! And then he saw Bill lift his grotesque ravaged face and look into Emily's eyes with such intense yearning, such desperate longing, as to make the air quake. It was a cry of utter hopelessness. The two pairs of eyes were held there by the pull of that violent longing, insensible to everything around them, to where they were, to Jane, to him. In consternation Wally turned to Jane. But her eyes were fixed on the other two: her face had become a mottled malignant thing. Momentarily Wally could not help thinking that it was the sort of scene that Rouault or Bosch might have painted, those grotesquely deformed faces in the flickering amber and the deep shadows. Yes, a gargoyle, a death's head, and a malignant agonized African mask. Then it was that Wally heard something crash into the privet hedge, and panic seized him. Beginning to tremble, he peered across the lawn towards the Venus and her guardian apple trees. But he could not see them, he could not see them. They were lost in the night.

Psychiatrist's Office

By WILLARD N. MARSH

Facing the scalpel-green wall with the well-lit
Corners, you watch the predictable floor,
Covered with skin like a bear—
Or was it Mother's Husband's mackinaw?

The careful landscapes hold their detail
Like a grudge, open windows on no special where;
Nor in the *National Geographic,* is it permissible
To find your face on an unearthed totem.

Through the bustle-backed chairs with cold laps
The nurse filters among you, jotting the ring-hider's
Reference, while the girl who's heard about germs
Declines a light from the tray-hoarder.

You must walk with hurt's elf past the door
To the Dentist, Retriever, the frock-coated Plumber
Who might make it run once again
Though he can't ever make it run backwards.

Freedom, Authority, and Orthodoxy

By CHARLES FRANKEL

A RECENT WRITER has remarked that philosophy is a little like lawn mowing or shaving: the same old growths keep reappearing and have to be cut back every day. There are apparently moments, moreover, when it is all one can do to hold the gains already achieved, much less to extend the field under cultivation. Certainly the present moment in philosophy seems to have become primarily one for holding actions. Much of what once seemed to naturalistically inclined minds to be an acceptable point of departure for further inquiry has now once again come into dispute; and with respect to a great variety of issues, philosophical fallacies which one might have thought had been laid to rest by past generations have arisen refreshed and in a fighting mood.

Nowhere is this more the case than in connection with discussions of "freedom and authority." The breakdown of the institutions and intellectual tradition which treated "freedom" and "authority" as antithetical has led to the resurgence of the ancient argument that some initial agreement as to the universally mandatory ends of life is the indispensable prerequisite to a rationally ordered society. This renewed quest for orthodoxy has figured in philosophy proper, in influential movements in literary criticism, in certain much publicized educational theories and practices, and in much recent political and social commentary. Indeed, the increasing popularity of the belief that metaphysics and theology are essential to political philosophy, and an officially established position on first and final things indispensable to political order, has become one of the distinguishing features of our anxious times.

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Mr. Felix Morley, addressing himself to the statement that "there are no absolutes" made by Mr. Justice Vinson in a recent opinion, has given a characteristic expression of this tendency. "To say that 'there are no absolutes,' that 'all concepts are relative,' " Mr. Morley declares, "is to affirm, in so many words, that there is no limit to the power of the State." It is, in short, to affirm that "freedom" and "authority" are meaningless terms. And Mr. Morley goes on to say,

> There is happily a growing revolt against this pernicious doctrine, now symbolized by the antagonism to Communism, which is itself at bottom only a special political application of positivist thinking. . . . If "there are no absolutes," if "all concepts are relative," then our Republic has only material values to offer and whether regimentation by Washington or by Moscow is preferable is, in the last analysis, Hobson's choice. Such a conclusion is implicit in the dogma voiced by Chief Justice Vinson. But against that conclusion the mind and heart and soul of many Americans rebel. Their loyalty to the absolute values on which the Republic is based will not be shaken by any judicial doubt as to the reality of such values.

The popularity of the point of view here illustrated is not, I am afraid, a passing phenomenon. Reversion to older patterns of belief has been a recurrent feature of communities whose established habits are breaking down, and a passion for orthodoxy has quite generally appeared when men have felt overwhelmed by their problems. Pressure toward conformity is usually strong, furthermore, in societies which are undergoing a fundamental revolution in social relations, or which feel themselves endangered, as ours most certainly is, by an external enemy. War may or may not be the health of the state; but it is certainly just what the doctor ordered for metaphysics.

Furthermore, as frequently happens when old doctrines are revived, this one has been given a new twist. For perhaps the first time in the history of ideas, a version of metaphysical absolutism is being urged, with every evidence of sincerity, in the name of democracy. An increasing number of men, frightened by what seems to be the unity and dedication of a rival state, have apparently come to the conclusion that a democracy can achieve the same things, but without the same consequences, merely by having a more spiritual outlook on things. This point of view is now so widespread, and represents so fundamental a turning away from the temper and attitudes that have been associated with the liberal tradition, that I think it worthwhile to consider it in a systematic fashion.

I

A passage from M. J. Hillenbrand's recent *Power and Morals* will suggest something of the substance and flavor of the present attack on naturalistic liberalism and its repudiation of absolutes:

> The curse of unrealized implications hung over the nineteenth century; today, in the twentieth century, implications are not only realized, but accepted and acted upon. By undermining the ethical basis of politics, though still advocating moral objectives in political practice, liberal writers like Bentham, Mill, and Morley helped to open the way to a non-ethical politics in both theory and practice among more logical thinkers on the Continent. A steady diet of nominalism, positivism, associationism, epiphenomenalism, extreme natural selection, and all the rest, could only lead either to acute mental indigestion or to an unmitigated *Machtpolitik*. Though they probably would have been aghast at the thought, the great English liberals are in certain implications much closer to Machiavelli, Nietzsche, Houston Chamberlain, and Hitler than many of the conservative writers whom they attacked as opposed to the interests of the people.[1]

Again, there is the following from a recent textbook in political science:

> How was it possible for prominent German intellectuals, jurists, lawyers, professors and civil servants who before 1933 were professed liberals, to accept, and many of them even to acclaim, a despotism that repudiated in word and deed the fundamental postulates of liberalism? It was possible because the "liberalism" they espoused was more closely akin to the nihilism of the National Socialists than to the doctrine whose concepts they repeated but whose substance they repudiated. They were forced by their own logic to accept the tyranny that was forged in the crucible of intellectual and political anarchy. . . . There was, as a matter of fact, no great liberal uprising against the Nazis, because the "liberals" saw nothing to fight about. They had no ideas, no values, for which to fight; they had no doctrine, no way of life, to defend. Having denied the possibility of submitting opinions to a forum of reason and conscience for judgment, these professed liberals had no alternative but to accept the arena of force as the final arbiter of "right" and "truth." Having placed the law beyond good and evil, the "liberal" jurists lost by that act the capacity for condemnation. The appeal could only be made, as they themselves had taught, to superior force. . . . It was the liberals, long before Mussolini and Hitler, who taught that might makes right and it was the positivistic liberals with their denial of the inalienable rights of man who prepared the way, albeit unwittingly, for Lidice and Dachau.[2]

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[1]Hillenbrand, Martin J. *Power and Morals*. New York, 1949. p. 16.

[2]Hallowell, John H. *Main Currents in Modern Political Thought*. New York, 1950. pp. 612-13.

Now, outside of the fact which is plain, that no punches are being pulled, what is the substance of these remarks, and of similar observations, of which there is now a deadly number? In substance, the new partisans of philosophical absolutism are making two charges against philosophies which deny the necessity of metaphysical or theological absolutes: (1) that such philosophies, having denied the validity of any principle of authority, are unable to make warranted moral discriminations—so that they cannot, for example, distinguish between "freedom" and "slavery"; (2) that such philosophies are the major historical cause of the decline of freedom in the modern world.

Let us consider each of these charges in turn.

In general, it is of course plain that a rational choice can be made only by reference to limits which are, at least for that choice, unalterable. It is also plain, furthermore, that these limits must recommend themselves on moral and rational grounds. For if they seem to depend only on the fact that those who enforce them have the greater physical or propagandistic power at their command, men will not feel free, but enslaved. In the sense in which "the existence of authority" means the existence of such acceptable limits of behavior, it is therefore plain that freedom requires the existence of authority, and that the tradition which has regarded "freedom" and "authority" as incompatible opposites has been wrong.

In this sense, however, the charge that empirically inclined advocates of freedom have denied the necessity or reality of authority would seem to be an almost malicious distortion of the historical record. Only one major philosopher in the empirical tradition actually placed "freedom" and "authority" in unequivocal opposition; and this philosopher, Hobbes, was not an advocate of freedom, but of political absolutism. What empirical philosophers opposed in fact were institutions which claimed an irrevocable hold over individuals; and as such institutions were the almost exclusive instances of social authority in their day, it is perhaps natural that the rhetoric empirical philosophers employed seemed to make the struggle for "Freedom" a struggle against "Authority."

In fact, however, there was a very clear principle of authority contained within traditional empiricism. At least until the nineteenth century, the authority required for rational choice was provided by the conception of Natural Law. On the one hand, this conception

expressed an aversion to higher metaphysical or theological speculation: these, it was felt, were attempts to convert simple and evident principles into mysteries, and thereby to justify the monopoly of power by privileged groups. On the other hand, Natural Law was associated with a kind of inquiry to which, at least in principle, publicly available evidence was relevant and sufficient: it might, for example, be based on sciences such as economics or psychology, or, again, on certain simple moral axioms, self-evident to any rational man.

The idea of Natural Law was thus a reaffirmation of the ancient Periclean doctrine that, while not all citizens may originate public policy, all are capable of judging it—and this quite apart from religious or philosophic affiliation. It was hoped that by means of this idea a common ground for the justification of social policies could be provided, and a way of avoiding a sectarian appeal to the irrevocable decisions of selected interpreters of revelation. At least in one sense of "authority," therefore, the charge that traditional empiricism deliberately rejected all conception of authority, is historically inaccurate.

Of course, the idea of Natural Law no longer plays a dominant role in empirical philosophies. The political impulse which led to the doctrine of Natural Law has persisted in naturalistic liberalism. But during the nineteenth century, an increasingly empiricist interpretation of science undermined the alleged scientific or axiomatic foundations of Natural Law, and this conception has been progressively replaced in empirical philosophies by utilitarian and pragmatic considerations. But the shift to such principles has not been in the effort to deny all meaning to the term "authority," but has been an attempt to propose a more considered and circumspect definition of the term. Those who assert that empiricism rejects "authority" would put the matter more fairly if they said that it rejects the absolutist definition of that term. And unless they can show that empiricism is incapable of vindicating an alternative ideal of "authority," they are begging the question.

But is there, as empirical philosophers have maintained, an alternative ideal of "authority," which can be defined without reference to metaphysical or theological absolutes, and which will be both essential and sufficient to guide responsible moral and political judgments? It is to this question that we now proceed.

It is plain, I think, that empirical standards are *essential*, for not even the critics of empiricism can avoid appealing to empirical materials in supporting specific moral decisions. Self-evident propositions have, of course, been recurrently shown in the past either not to be evident or not to be propositions. Nevertheless, let us even grant, for the sake of the argument, that there is some universally valid moral rule demonstrable on the basis of self-evident first principles: this still does not avoid an appeal to experience. For there remains the problem of applying the universal moral rule to the specific case; and this cannot be done without an appeal to observations whose reliability is independent of the truth or falsity of the universal rule.

If, on the other hand, the first principles in question rest not on metaphysics but on some revelation, an even more vexing kind of problem is raised in addition. If the evidence for the revelation is *external* to it, then we are back on empirical grounds again. If, however, it is argued that the evidence for the revelation is *internal* to it, this amounts to saying that we accept as true those statements contained in the revelation which assert that all the other statements contained in it are true. No doubt this succeeds in dispensing with empirical evidence: what it does is not to talk about evidence at all, but about obeying commands. I find it difficult to understand, however, how this sort of appeal supports a distinction between the powers that be and legitimate authority. The appeal to power is not the less an appeal to power because it is an appeal to Omnipotence.

It would seem, therefore, that, like Sin, empirical methods are always with us; and if philosophical absolutists condemn empiricism only because it is empirical, then they might do well to remember that, at least in this respect, all men are brothers in Sin. But, of course, they are probably concerned because empiricism is *exclusively* empirical; and what the absolutists do deny is that purely empirical criteria are *sufficient* to test the relative worth of particular moral decisions. What sort of argument seems to be involved here?

Let us grant (we may imagine a temperate advocate of absolutism saying) that everyone, empiricist and antiempiricist alike, must make judgments of the relation of means to ends. These are empirical judgments; and to the extent that moral judgments are judgments of this kind, there is of course nothing to do but to employ empirical methods, and to be governed by empirical standards. But this does not

touch the crucial issue, which has to do with the choice of ends. To say, for example, that the commands of the State "have authority," is not merely to say that they are in fact instrumental to the attainment of a given end-in-view; it is also to say that this end-in-view is right, or good, or just. And on this the mere appeal to experience gives us no help whatsoever. Indeed, it does a good deal of harm; for a provisional, flexible attitude toward means is one thing, but such an attitude toward ends is quite another. With respect to ends, all that the empiricist offers is a mania of indecision, or a frankly arbitrary choice. And, in practice, this means either a spineless opportunism or the appeal to power.

Now there are certain points in this argument which are true, and which give it its air of plausibility. Certainly the one thing on which all empiricists are agreed is that statements about the relation of means to ends are the only responsible type of moral discourse. And it is of course trivially true that if one does not hold some ideal, one cannot come to any moral decision. The empiricist must therefore admit that, in coming to a specific moral conclusion, he introduces at some point in the chain of hypothetical arguments a value about which no questions are asked. Just as in the sciences certain beliefs are regarded as operationally *a priori* to a specific inquiry—that is, as not in question in ***that*** inquiry—so in moral judgments certain initiating imperatives function to control decision.

But this admission is not a confession of guilt. The fallacy in this argument against empiricism is the assumption that to say that factual beliefs are logically *dubitable*, is the same as to say that a particular belief is actually *doubtful*. But these are not the same at all. The proof of the first, broadly, is the logical analysis of methods of empirical inquiry; the proof of the second is a specific bit of factual evidence. For this reason we neither must in theory, nor do we in fact, doubt a specific belief because it is logically dubitable. We are logically required to doubt it only when there is specific evidence against it; and, in fact, there are a great many beliefs which all of us, empiricists and nonempiricists alike, hold undisturbedly even though we know they are subject to the test of further experience. For if all the evidence we have is in favor of a belief, and we have none against it, why should we doubt it? And, if, on the other hand, some evidence should come in which does make it doubtful, are we to blame this on the empiricist

theory of knowledge? I should myself imagine that we should blame it on the evidence—or, better, on our belief.

In effect, therefore, the empiricist reminder that our beliefs are logically dubitable, far from necessitating that we shake in indecision, simply warns us that we should try to keep our beliefs responsive to experience. An empiricist can be as assured about any given value as an absolutist; indeed, the significant difference between the two in this respect is that the absolutist is formally unwilling to risk the test of further experience. So far as I can see, this makes the empiricist the more "objective" of the two, in a quite usual sense of that word.

Probably, the real source of the objection lies just here. For, if what has been said is true, it does mean that empiricism can offer no justification of a system of values "as a whole." Empiricism can be employed only to examine a particular exercise of power, and not to give a wholesale justification of the existence of Power in general. Thus, empiricism cannot justify the principle of Authority itself. If we ask, for example, whether a specific social hierarchy has authority as well as power, we can answer this empirically by invoking a relevant ideal and asking whether it is served by the hierarchical organization in question. But that there should be hierarchies at all, that some men should command and others obey—that there should, in this sense, be "Authority" at all—this, it is alleged, is what requires justification. And this empiricism cannot do.

This is true, but I am afraid I do not grasp the force of the objection. The demand for a categorical justification of Authority seems to me like asking for a justification of breathing—I want to know, whose breathing do you want to justify? In general, all I can do is refer to those physiological laws which give breathing a fairly influential role in keeping body and soul together. And if I am asked why there must be this particular relationship of means to ends and not some other, the best I can do is to point to some more comprehensive system of laws—say, biology or chemistry—which "necessitates" this state of affairs. Similarly, hierarchy may not be necessary for all forms of joint social activity, just as breathing is not necessary for stones; and, in certain cases, it may actually interfere with other highly desirable ends, just as breathing sometimes interferes with eating. But I do not know how to show that hierarchy is either necessary or unnecessary, save by considering a specific hierarchy as a means to a specific end.

I should add that I am not seriously disturbed by this limitation on my powers. What I want to know as a citizen, for instance, is whether some particular order from higher up serves a desirable purpose; and this I can always determine, in principle, by empirical methods. Indeed, if I succeeded in justifying the principle of hierarchy in general, I would be a little embarrassed by my riches: for such a categorical justification would lead me to suspect that every time I disagreed with some specific exercise of authority I was in the wrong.

In the end, the objection to this sort of empirical reasoning seems only to be that it "makes man the measure of all things." But nothing could be a more malicious distortion of the truth. Modern philosophic empiricism has been a serious and prolonged effort to purge human beliefs of wishful thinking, and to arrive at a conception of human ideals sobered and chastened by knowledge of the objective conditions which limit and control what man can do. To be sure, within these limits, empiricism argues that choice is always possible. But if the critics of empiricism object to this, I find it difficult to believe in their professed interest in freedom. Of course, it is true that, in the end, it is men who must make the judgments as to the nature of the universe and the ideals that are appropriate in it. But, after all, even the voice of God, if it is to be understood, must speak in the natural and mortal languages of men.

II

Against this background, we may now turn to the charge that empiricism is the major historical cause of our present troubles.

There are those who seem to mean by this charge that our present troubles are the logical consequences of empiricism, following, in the words of R. M. Weaver, "in the way that conclusions follow from premises." "Like Macbeth," Mr. Weaver maintains,

> Western man made an evil decision, which has become the efficient and final cause of other evil decisions. . . . It occurred in the late fourteenth century, and what the witches said to the protagonist of this drama was that man could realize himself more fully if he would only abandon his belief in the existence of transcendentals. The powers of darkness were working subtly, as always, and they couched this proposition in the seemingly innocent form of an attack upon universals. The defeat of logical realism in the great medieval debate was the crucial event in the history

of Western culture; from this flowed those acts which issue now in modern decadence.[3]

When this sort of assertion is made it is frequently impressive for what seems to be its application of a rigorous deductive logic to history, and because it reinforces our hope that there is, despite all appearances, a simple rational meaning to events. The only trouble is that the argument is self-contradictory. It seems to say that men drew the logical consequences of empiricism and applied them in practice, so that historical events become the consequence of a kind of inordinate passion for logic. But, even if we grant the fantastic premise that men like Hitler and Stalin got to be the way they are from their interest in philosophy, it must have been some philosophy other than empiricism. For, according to the very same critics, the most important logical consequence of this philosophy is the rejection of the authority of logic. Why, then, should men have pursued its other logical consequence so conscientiously? Of course, it might be argued that the implications of a philosophy will be realized in history whether or not men take any active part in the process. But this is hardly a view which will convince anyone of the reality of human freedom or the efficacy of the human will, and these are things about which those who condemn empiricism claim to be especially concerned.

There is, however, a more subtle variant of this charge, which holds that our present troubles are not the logical consequences, but the psychological result, of the rejection of metaphysics and theology. Empiricism, it is alleged, has bad consequences when it is believed; men being what they are, it is "unworkable." This argument has been offered, interestingly enough, not by "pragmatists," but by no less a philosopher than Professor Maritain. Its premise seems to be the alleged psychological fact that men cannot act effectively unless they believe their actions are based on transcendent truths. There is, as M. Maritain puts it, "a natural platonism of our minds. . . . We are naturally inclined to admit the existence of eternal truths and transcendental values."[4]

Now, of course, a statement like this may mean quite a good many things. Does it mean, for example, that we believe there are states of affairs which are unaffected by human beliefs about them,

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[3]Weaver, Richard M. *Ideas Have Consequences.* Chicago, 1948. pp. 2-3.
[4]Maritain, Jacques. *True Humanism.* London, 1946. p. 33

and in relation to which our beliefs are true or false? Or does it mean that we are inclined to believe that there are certain human beliefs which are eternally true? Or does it mean that, even if we hold a belief which happens to be eternally true, we can ever demonstrate beyond the possibility of further question that it is true? And, of course, an even more bewildering variety of questions can be raised concerning the meaning of "transcendental values." In short, the apparent plausibility of such statements is a function of their ambiguity. One man interprets them in one way, another man in another; but, since they are so rich in possible meanings, it would be difficult to find any sensible man who would not agree with at least one of these meanings. And so we find ourselves initially moved by the plausibility of the statement, and finally find ourselves face-to-face with rather surprising consequences—and it is only on analysis that we discover that the consequence to which we have been so inexorably led follows from some other meaning of the statement than that to which we have given our assent.

But, even if it were possible, in some massive and unequivocal way, to say that a statement such as this is true, it is still surprising that it is offered as a self-respecting argument by self-styled opponents of "anthropocentric humanism" and "pragmatism." For what have our "natural inclinations" to do with the question as to whether there are or are not "transcendental values"? Is "the truth" that which it is biologically necessary, or even spiritually desirable, for us to believe? Is not this making "man the measure of all things," and precisely the sort of "subjectivism" which Professor Maritain claims is the core of modern liberalism? As an empiricist, I should myself deplore subordinating the question as to whether there are transcendent truths to such considerations of expediency; and, even though I hold the "naturalistic" belief that "the freedom of the human will . . . is a demand and a privilege which man realizes and brings to triumph by *himself alone*,"[5] I cannot help feeling that this sort of argument is just a bit too willfully anthropocentric for my tastes.

But, quite apart from the fact that such "pragmatism" is more extreme than anything offered by middle-of-the-road, naturalistic pragmatists, and even though it is put forward under very strange auspices, it is worth considering for its own sake. What is there to the belief

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[5] *True Humanism*, p. 12.

that the rejection of metaphysics and theology is "unlivable" and "unworkable," and that it has disastrous historical consequences?

There are at least two flaws in this argument. The first is the idea that men do not think their beliefs are true unless they derive from "transcendent" truths. This rests on a confusion of two quite different things—a belief that one holds true ideas, and a belief in a particular interpretation of the meaning of "truth." I doubt very much that most men are well informed about philosophical discussions of this second issue; and I certainly doubt that they will stop believing in the truth of their ideas because one conventional interpretation of "truth" has been rejected. But even if this is the interpretation which they implicitly hold, and even if they were shaken by an attack on this interpretation, it is still not the case that they *cannot* act effectively on any other basis. The second flaw in the argument, in short, is the presupposition of a fixed human nature, unaffected by historical or social conditions.

In the end, what truth there is in this argument reduces to the assertion that men have been historically predisposed in favor of the absolutist ideal of logical certitude. But is it not then a peculiar and revealing paradox that those who dream of total escape from the trammels of history should convert historical facts into unavoidable and eternal necessities? The empiricist assertion that transcendent truth is unattainable, has contributed to skepticism only because the conviction has persisted that there is no other possible definition of truth but the absolutistic one; and this is a historically derived, and presumably corrigible, conviction. The essential condition of intellectual skepticism, in fact, is not empiricism, but just this absolutistic ideal of truth. It is, therefore, extraordinary that absolutists should call empiricism "unworkable." Perhaps it is true that you cannot be happy unless you get to the other side of the rainbow: but if a man tells you that you would be better advised to try for Southern California, it seems strange to call him "impractical."

What in fact the present absolutistic attack on empiricism comes down to, is a kind of nervous rash of empty and indignant words, substituted for systematic inquiry into the kind of concrete social reforms necessary to make freedom and authority realities within the actual lives of men. Naturally, the latter approach is much more difficult than that implicit in the notion that everything can be ac-

complished simply by getting a new philosophy. But, whether we like it or not, the "problem of freedom and authority" is not a problem which can be settled by bemoaning the decline of respect for "Authority," or by insisting that men pay their respects to a particular metaphysics or theology. As a concrete problem, it reflects a radical dislocation in our institutions. These are increasingly failing to provide a form of contingent and empirically examinable control over our lives.

"The problem of freedom and authority," to put this positively, is the problem of building an institutional framework which provides at least minimal conditions for rational choice: men must be confronted by decisions between alternatives which are not ultimate but relative—in short, *choices*; they must have ways of getting at the relevant facts; they must have the power to implement their decisions. To enlarge these conditions, and even to maintain as much of them as we already have, requires not so much a new metaphysics, as the large-scale reform of our centralized political and economic institutions. Those who are interested in freedom, it seems to me, will look for a reform of our economy which will place men in situations such that they can attain some more relevant knowledge of the conditions of their work, and some more immediate control of its consequences. They will also be prepared, perhaps, to envisage a serious alteration in the legislative and administrative functions of our centralized state, and to consider the possible advantages of administrative decentralization and devolution. And all of this, or a good part of it, will in all likelihood have to wait upon the reduction of international tensions, and the effective containment of the Soviet threat.

This is all elaborately complicated and difficult, and it is no doubt tempting to think we can avoid these problems by manipulating words. But we should not mistake a symptom of our illness for a diagnosis of it. Those who, on one side, now talk of choice as a kind of undetermined leap in the dark, only reflect the state of alienation in which countless ordinary men and women are now being asked (meaninglessly) to make choices. And those who, on the other side, are urging the return to some orthodoxy, reflect only the desperate wish not to feel constrained by situations which increasingly fail to offer even the possibility of choice. But freedom *from* choice is not freedom *of* choice. We are not yet so badly off that we have to fall in love with our disease.

Swearing to One's Loyalty

By NANETTE DEMBITZ

ARE THE SPECIAL "LOYALTY OATHS" that are becoming more and more widespread contributing to our security against treachery by Communists, or are they merely spreading distrust and confusion, as their opponents claim, without affording protection? Extending over more groups than teachers and local government employees on whom the oaths have been most widely imposed, a law recently introduced in the California legislature calls upon doctors, lawyers, barbers, dry cleaners, undertakers, and people in a variety of other occupations licensed by the state to swear that they do not believe in overthrow of the government or belong to any organization that advocates it. Texas, by a new law, requires pharmacists to take a "loyalty oath" in order to pursue their livelihood. Some large private employers are following the lead of the state legislatures; Columbia Broadcasting System, for example, demands a statement denying subversive beliefs and associations of everyone on its payroll. On the other hand, opponents of the oaths have been encouraged by a few victories, such as the successful fight of the University of California faculty against the oath required by the University Regents, and the refusal of the Connecticut State Board of Education to yield to the insistence by veterans' and other organizations on a teacher's oath.

Practically anyone or everyone in the country could be compelled to swear to his beliefs and associations in order to earn a living, since almost everyone's livelihood depends, at least indirectly, on some kind of governmental license or benefit. Requiring the oath couldn't be harmful, its supporters argue, because anyone who is indeed loyal should be glad to show his loyalty by swearing to it; they feel that non-Communists who oppose the oaths "on principle" are naïvely unaware of the dangers of Communist infiltration.

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What is there in the loyalty oaths that leads people who are themselves entirely opposed to overthrow of this government to sacrifice their livelihoods "on principle" rather than subscribe to them? Unlike the traditional oath of office to support the Constitution, which is merely a general affirmation of good intention in the performance of one's duties, the special loyalty oath expresses the suspicion that every citizen may be guilty of subversion and must clear himself. For the loyalty oath program calls upon groups of citizens en masse, without regard to the innocence or guilt of the individuals' past conduct, to prove by oath the inoffensiveness of their beliefs and associations, and to make a guarantee to the state on their political attitudes.

Logically, the premise asserted by the supporters of the oath is irrefutable: certainly, anyone might be subversive. The question about the oath is whether its special contribution to the current unhealthy pitch of suspicion is justified by its benefits to security. For at the same time as the oath program teaches the rightness of universal suspicion, regardless of past acts, swearing to the oath fails to dispel suspicion because of the popular view that the disloyal would lie about their loyalty. The harmfulness of the current extreme of mistrust—with its consequence of over-caution, or, to play it safe, complete inhibition in political expression—can be pointed up by the recent experience of a League of Women Voters' member who was canvassing for signatures for a League petition favoring permanent voters' registration in New York State. While the League has never even been charged with "subversion" and has been commended by such a nonsubversive publication as the New York *Herald Tribune* on its editorial page, most of the people she approached refused to sign the petition despite their agreement with it because of their fear of endorsing *any* cause.

The oath breeds excessive caution not only by intensifying the atmosphere of suspicion but also by the "pervasive threat"—as the United States Supreme Court has said with regard to censorship—once the state's power to impose a test oath is established, that the oath may be broadened in unforeseeable ways to compel an accounting for now-legitimate political, economic and social beliefs. Indeed, besides the immediate inhibiting influence of the oaths on free expression, they pose a longer range danger by opening the way for the state's direction of the beliefs of the citizenry en masse on any subject on which divergence of opinion seems particularly menacing. The potentialities

of state control over the individual's mind through the oath is illustrated by its initial use in Anglo-American history to search out heretical religious belief.

The oath program is not of course unique among current measures indictating that cautious conformity in thought and word is the better part of political valor. All the new anti-Communist measures to some extent convey this warning, for all, in their attempt to prevent rather than merely to punish dangerous acts, provide for determining whether a person is likely to act dangerously on the basis of his attitudes and expressions. Even in the conviction of the Communist leaders under the Smith Act for conspiring to advocate overthrow of the government, one of the Supreme Court justices warned: "Suppressing advocates of overthrow inevitably will also silence critics who do not advocate overthrow but fear that their criticism may be so construed." But the oath is far more potent than the Communist criminal prosecutions in arousing a fear of expressing criticism. For the Communist officials were dangerous as leaders of a disciplined conspiracy, involved with organized espionage, and not merely because of their personal and individual attitudes. Administering the oath, however, brings home directly to each individual an exhortation to fear and caution in his personal beliefs and associations, on pain of his loss of livelihood.

Employees' loyalty investigations, assuredly necessary for some positions, again do not manifest the all-inclusive suspicion that the oath does, for under most of the investigatory programs a person becomes suspect, theoretically at least, only if his past conduct warrants it. More important, an oath is extremely easy and inexpensive to administer compared to a loyalty investigation, and, on the surface, with the cost to our spirit of freedom ignored, appears entirely innocuous. As a result, large groups are hurried under the oath without serious consideration of whether their coverage is really important for national safety, or indeed, without any security reason, as in the case of the Ohio law requiring the oath for all recipients of unemployment insurance. The Ohio act is glibly defended on the ground of "Why feed the hand that bites us?" But an effort to deny means of support to Communists contradicts the principles of a reasoned and Christian society, for it does not recognize the Communists as fellow human beings who are to be punished only to the extent necessary to protect

the majority against the specific dangers presented by their dangerous conduct and attitudes, but instead treats them as pariahs.

Are the loyalty oaths worth while, at least for positions in which Communists might indeed be a menace? What do the loyalty oaths add to our safety to compensate for their discouragement of free expression and their initiation of a pattern for State direction of individual opinion? The national safety obviously was not benefited by the discharge of the non-Communist University of California teachers who refused to take a loyalty oath out of concern for academic freedom. Nor by barring from employment the New Jersey teacher who belonged to the Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Quaker candidate for public office in Maryland, who both objected to the oath on religious grounds. Still, while the few individuals who made an issue of their refusal to take the oath were non-Communists, this does not mean that the oaths may not also have caused quiet resignations by Communists.

Through fear of perjury proceedings if their Communism is later exposed, it is expected by the oath's supporters that covert Communists will be deterred from taking jobs requiring the oath, and the oath will in this way fill a gap left by measures adequate to deal with known or suspected Communists. It thus does not give the oath its due to argue, as do some of its opponents, that it cannot be effective because a Communist's morals would not stop him from false swearing. To arouse any fear of perjury prosecution, however, the oath must be directed at past conduct or belief, for a Communist obviously could take the oath and trust to intensified efforts at concealment and to formal change of membership status if the oath only referred to the present and future. Indeed, the courts have already held that an avowed Communist, who resigned from the Party only when an oath became required in his occupation, did not perjure himself in taking the oath, since it demanded only a denial of present membership and belief. And the only two perjury prosecutions involving loyalty oaths —that of Aldo Marzani a few years ago and of William Remington recently—were based on denials of past membership.

Unfortunately, the fear of perjury prosecution, even for a false oath as to the ineradicable past, would not be very likely to deter present covert Party members from taking jobs, considering the callousness to risk they evidence by continuing their Communist con-

nections in the face of possible prosecution under the Smith Act and other anti-syndicalism laws. And the serious drawback of an attempt to catch present Party members by an oath referring to the past is, of course, that it equally affects the numerous ex-Communists who have completely and sincerely broken with the past. For this group, the fear of perjury prosecution for a false oath would probably be a more effective deterrent to job-taking, because, by sacrificing their employment, they would be free from all entanglement with the criminal law. But not only would there be no security value in barring the wholly reformed ex-Communists from employment, but their punishment through the oath requirement for conduct which, no matter how mistaken, lies wholly in the past, seems highly unfair.

It was out of concern for the constitutional principle that "the citizen should be secure against deprivation for past conduct . . . which was not punishable at the time it was committed," that the United States Supreme Court condemned the oath adopted by the State of Missouri in the wave of oaths following the Civil War. The post-Civil War oaths, abandoned after the court's decision, barred people from working as clergymen, lawyers, teachers, and in various other professions, or holding public offices or corporate directorships, unless they took an oath that they had given no assistance or sympathy to the Confederacy. Reminiscent of the lumping under many present-day oaths of all ex-Communists, whether or not still dangerous, the particular vice of the Missouri oath was its all-inclusiveness. In the Supreme Court's words, the Missouri oath was a harsh and unconstitutional punishment for the Confederates rather than a legitimate measure of protection, because it was "directed not merely against overt and visible acts of hostility to the government, but was intended to reach words, desires, and sympathies also" and "allowed no distinction between acts springing from malignant enmity and acts which may have been prompted by charity, or affection, or relationship." Alexander Hamilton's fiery criticism that test oaths "hold out a bribe to perjury," quoted by the post-Civil War Supreme Court from Hamilton's attack on the oaths during the post-Revolutionary War loyalty crisis, also rings true today for a reformed ex-Communist confronted with an oath relating to his past. For if he is required in order to keep his livelihood to take an oath that he has not belonged to the Party, it means that he either must perjure himself, or bar himself from em-

ployment because of a fact which he knows is no longer significant and which might never come to light. Even if the oath only requires, as some do, a disclosure as to past membership and revolutionary belief, rather than its denial, he is confronted with the choice of lying under oath or suffering the burden of a difficult and perhaps futile defense against the charge that he is still dangerous, a charge which he knows is untrue and which might never be made in the absence of his disclosure.

In the post-Civil War period the Supreme Court was more concerned with restoring the tradition of fair and equal treatment and with condemning vindictiveness than with the danger from Confederate sympathizers. Despite the greater gravity of the present Communist danger, the test oaths have such minor effectiveness in meeting it that their condemnation by thinkers of past ages still bears consideration. Besides the unfairness to those who have reformed their views of an oath directed at the past, it creates special anxiety and inhibition about the expression of political, social, or economic opinions. For if the government can now penalize a person for past conduct and beliefs which it did not previously penalize, he must not only steer clear of suspicion under present standards of disapproval, but he must apprehend being called to account at an indefinite time in the future for views that now seem legitimate.

In the current oath wave the courts have upheld all the oaths that have been litigated, with the exception of several oaths for elective State officials which were held to conflict with the oaths provided in the State Constitutions, and except for the oath adopted by the University of California Regents, which was dropped after a lower court decision against it. The courts' position has generally been that since the gravity of the Communist danger furnishes justification for an anti-Communist program, it is up to the people through the legislatures, and not the courts, to make the choice of protective measures. Thus, the Supreme Court Justices have warned that the courts do not and should not determine whether the anti-Communist laws are wise or effective or whether they may not "in the long run do more harm than good." In the recent Supreme Court decision upholding New York's Feinberg law for the discharge of "subversive" public school employees, the majority limited its consideration to the state's reasons for wanting to guard against subversion, and thought it inappropriate to evaluate

either the law's effectiveness for this purpose or whether the danger was great enough to justify the evils of the surveillance system the law creates. It is therefore a misplaced confidence, as the Justices have pointed out, for the citizen to trust that a law will be held unconstitutional merely because it is undesirable, and to fail on this assumption to make up his own mind on its merits.

So far most of the oaths have been imposed on employees of the federal, state and local governments. But the situation of government employees cannot be lightly shrugged off, considering their ever-growing number, totalling over six million in 1949, in an increasing range of occupations, and considering that the government's treatment of this large body of citizens sets a precedent for similar treatment of other segments of the population, as well as a pattern for private employers. Nor does the simple formula offered by supporters of the oath, that the fitness of a government employee for his job includes loyalty to his employer—the government—solve any realistic problem. For the important issue is whether the effectiveness of the oaths to secure loyalty is sufficient to outweigh the harm they do by generating fear and over-caution, which infects in the case of an oath for government employees not only present government personnel but also all the people concerned about their future eligibility for government employment.

Further, for certain government positions, such as on the faculties of state universities, the intellectual timidity engendered by the oath is particularly significant in determining whether its adoption is on balance desirable. Consideration should also be given to the effect of possible disloyalty in particular jobs; if the only danger is possible apathy, as for example in a job as caretaker of the public parks, a political test oath seems an impractical blunderbuss for defense against this difficulty.

Keeping in mind the dubious effectiveness of the oaths in barring Communists from jobs, whether a person supports or fights the oath proposals will depend mainly on his attitude toward free thought and free expression. The pervasive freedom-inhibiting influence of the oath may be considered an asset, rather than a drawback, by a person whose attention is focussed solely on the value of destroying the Communist Party. For, while the penalties connected with the oath requirements are too mild to deter anyone with Communist convictions from joining the Party or assisting it in the criminal activities of espionage or sabotage,

the oath's broad restraining effect on nonconformist thought might cut down the number who arrive at these convictions. For one price of free thought and expression doubtless is the occasional error of an acceptance of Communist ideology. Then, too, the cautious conformity and fear of unjust accusation stimulated by the oath help weaken the Party in that they deter non-Communists who are sympathetic with some particular Party objective—such as supplying bail funds for Communist prisoners—from acting on their sympathy.

But the intellectual strait jacket which precludes error also precludes enlightenment, if we have faith, as Supreme Court Justice Murphy put it, "in the power of free and fearless reasoning and communication of ideas to discover and spread political and economic truth." Faith in freedom is founded on history, for: "The history of civilization is in considerable measure the displacement of error which once held sway as official truth by beliefs which in turn have yielded to other truths" (Justice Frankfurter). It is only through free expression that "changes, if desired, may be obtained by peaceful means" (Chief Justice Charles Evans Hughes). It is true that the current loyalty oaths do not suppress free expression by directly outlawing any socially useful belief, expression, or association. But the benefits of free expression are as much lost when it is sacrificed through fear as when it is arrested by outright suppression. And if through disuse the custom of freedom is lost, there is little hope of sustaining the love of freedom and the will to resist its suppression.

Parrington and Carlyle:

Cross-Currents in History and Belles-Lettres

By LOUIS FILLER

VERNON L. PARRINGTON and Thomas Carlyle might, at first glance, seem an odd couple to hitch tandem to any cart. In fact, differences between them as personalities and authors are too wide to miss. But I am not, here, concerned with the palpable similarities and relationships so dear to the monograph-writer. I am, rather, concerned with what makes—or should make—history and literature, as written anywhere, anytime, interesting. Dealing as they do with the eternally real and human, they should make fascinating reading. Do they? The high school graduate typically imagines that history is dull, and that literature is meant for casual worship or amusement. A cartoon shows two students conversing as they leave a classroom. Says one: "Boy! What a difference between history and historical novels!" What is he looking for? What does he think he finds, say, in Howard Fast?

It seems to me that he is looking for something human and sensible, something that won't drag him from his obligations, but seem to enrich them, if only momentarily. How many works in history, to say nothing of lit'ry criticism, can claim to do so? Matter-of-fact professionalism acts, in both instances, largely to keep the magic casements closed on these humanistic disciplines. Carlyle and Parrington are outstanding in that their intention, at least, was to treat their propositions in terms of general interest, rather than specialized techniques. Their method led them to cut away restrictive academic harness, and give their minds scope. *Imaginativeness*, in Carlyle, and even more daringly in Parrington, who was a college teacher, lay not in

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concocting fictions, but in managing to see connections between their formal subject-matter and things that lay outside it. I do not claim they were unique in attempting to do so, and the reader might try his hand at remembering others, in America and out of it, who fronted the problem of treating humanistic subjects humanly. But, operating in the No Man's Lands of belles-lettres and history, Carlyle and Parrington, each in his own fashion, moved about significantly in more than one technical "field." How they managed to do so, why they so palpably differ from the mere dilettante and eclectic, deserves to be understood.

II

Both were historians: none but a purist would deny that. But, just as surely, both had irons in other fires than history. Parrington, for example, was to some degree a *literary critic*; similarly, Carlyle can be ranked with the *social philosophers*, and even (by readers indifferent to fine distinctions) with the out-and-out *littérateurs*. As a matter of fact, the *Dictionary of American Biography* terms Parrington "teacher, philologist, historian"; Leslie Stephens, in his *Encyclopaedia Britannica* essay describes Carlyle as "essayist, historian, philosopher." The writer on Parrington significantly coupled *Main Currents* with Moses Coit Tyler's *literary* histories of Colonial and Revolutionary America; and Stephens remarked of *The French Revolution* that:

> it was of course impossible for Carlyle to satisfy modern requirements of matter-of-fact accuracy. He could not in the time have assimilated all the materials even then extant, and later accumulations would necessitate a complete revision. Considered as a "prose epic," or a vivid utterance of the thought of the period, it has a permanent and unique value.

In other words, a *literary* value; for we can hardly take a certain factual quality from history without destroying its value. Carlyle's accuracy will come up again. At this point it is better to consider the subject-matter with which he and Parrington dealt, and the manner in which they treated it.

Carlyle couldn't have attempted a more important theme in his time, or a more difficult one. *The French Revolution* was completed in 1837, when conflicting records were still coming from the press, and, worse, when many were still unavailable. It was completed in an age which had not yet learned to weigh revolutions, and was still

too busy making them to learn to consider them properly. Carlyle, in other words, set himself a giant's task in taking up the subject.

Whatever else has been said of his book, it has not been charged that Carlyle was bent on proving a political thesis, or was motivated seriously by personal bias. How did he manage to attain a relatively impartial attitude? The answer lies in his fundamentally a-political philosophy. Sufficiently then a son of the lower classes to appreciate its problems, Carlyle was also enough of an individualist, a believer in leaders, to stay aloof from narrow class alignments. His gospel was work, and, in his view, any man could personify that gospel: Mirabeau, the well-born, even better than Danton, and infinitely better than Robespierre. Above all, Carlyle was a "transcendentalist"—an idealist trying to see "above" material things to principles of nature—and this, again, freed him, at least on the conscious level, from narrow allegiance to parties. Partisans were free to blackguard each other as they pleased, but, answering the question of who had caused the French Revolution, Carlyle could say:

> [I]t was Turgot, it was Necker with their mad innovating; it was the Queen's want of etiquette; it was he, it was she, it was that. Friends! It was every scoundrel that had lived and quack-like pretended to be doing, and been only eating and *mis*doing in all provinces of life, as Shoeblack and Sovereign Lord, each in his degree from the time of Charlemagne and earlier. All this (for be sure no falsehood perishes but is as seed sown out to grow) has been storing itself for thousands of years, and now the account day has come. And rude will the settlement be: of wrath laid up against the day of wrath. . . .

In the hands of a "quack," such a view could have resulted in a false breadth of vision which aimed at covering up ignorance or a lack of analytical powers. Carlyle it gave access to a vast and difficult subject, and amplified the natural objectivity which came of treating events in a foreign land. It permitted him to develop the pungent and personal style which we associate with him.

A word of that style. To read Carlyle's earlier *Life of Schiller* (1823) is to realize the road he traveled before massing the power and variety which went into *The French Revolution*. As one critic, W. S. Johnson, remarks in his *Carlyle* (1911), *Schiller* "is a clear, single, engaging narrative, free from mannerisms, stating the biographical facts with scrupulous fidelity." But, the same critic admits, it shows Carlyle as not having yet "penetrated to the heart of his subject, or

thoroughly assimilated the facts at his disposal." The "mannerisms" of Carlyle's maturity were, in time, to mar whole pages of his least substantial work, but, during his great years, and in such a book as *The French Revolution*, they were an integral part of his achievement.

III

I have referred to differences between Carlyle and Parrington, and might well notice some of them. In general, Carlyle's transcendentalism touched Parrington's Jeffersonian democracy at few points. Carlyle wrote with a Victorian indirectness and intensity, Parrington forthrightly and with simplicity. The personal element ranked high in both *The French Revolution* and *Main Currents*, but Carlyle's book was essentially one of events, Parrington's of ideas. Carlyle was satisfied to discover what seemed to him eternal truths in the French Revolution, whereas Parrington continuously looked for what he thought to be progressive traits in American affairs. Finally, Parrington interested himself in *American thought*—something which was his birthright. Carlyle, as has already been observed, took in hand foreign subject-matter.

Here are differences enough. But similarities are also striking. Both writers had an extreme awareness of the need for making culture *useful* to their readers, Carlyle by demonstrating the results of human frailty in government, Parrington by charting "main currents" of American endeavor, and, through contemporary estimates, hinting at proper currents for the future. Again, both Carlyle and Parrington exploited pioneer themes: Carlyle the birth of a republic, and Parrington, if not merely its birth, at least its road to maturity. No doubt Carlyle was more concerned for the health of a nation than he was for the forms of contemporary democracy,[1] but he and Parrington

[1] J. Salwyn Schapiro, in his *Liberalism and the Challenge of Fascism* (1949), has said everything that can be said to describe Carlyle as a forerunner of fascism, and Carlyle's increasing denunciations of parliamentary government, his torrential scorn for "niggers" and "harpy Jews," are not lightly passed over. But neither are his great qualities of justice and truth-seeking, his enormous courage in rewriting the first volume of *The French Revolution* after his completed manuscript had been used accidentally to start a fire—qualities which his finished history amply illustrate. His increasingly cantankerous opinions, which bloomed under unbridled literary success, need to be seen without prejudice to his enduring virtues.

similarly sought goals of human betterment, though in different times and by different intellectual roads.

Carlyle's absorption in immediate events, in the very present Revolution, was almost absolute; Parrington, on the other hand, never allowed the reader to forget that present American ideas had relations to past ideas, and that those were rooted deep in old world history. *Main Currents* reminds one structurally of nothing so much as it does of a musical fugue. Indeed, the outline of Parrington's first volume begins as follows:

> Introduction: The theme stated; part played by European intellectual movements; influence in colonial America of old-world liberalisms—English Independency, French Romantic theory; incoming of a diverse philosophy —English *laissez faire*; significance of theology and politics in colonial America. . . .
>
> *Book I: Liberalism and Puritanism*
>
> New England a product of old-world custom and institutions, modified by new-world environment. Emergence of two classes: yeomanry, gentry; and two ideals: Puritan and Yankee. . . .

The "theme" having been stated, Parrington proceeds to "develop" it. In the preface by E. H. Eby to the third volume (left unfinished when Parrington died in 1929) we learn that Parrington's sources of inspiration were three: Taine's *Histoire de la littérature*, J. Allen Smith, who taught his friend Parrington to "realize the fruitfulness of economic determinism when applied even to literature," and, finally, the "idea" of American literature as American thought.

It is therefore plain that Parrington's true theme was American literature. For though it can be argued that Parrington, in treating such Colonial figures as John Cotton, Roger Williams, Nathaniel Ward, Samuel Sewell, among many others, went far beyond literary boundaries, it is evident that American writers on American literature have always tended to do so; that, our earlier culture having been the tentative thing it was, they couldn't help doing so.[2] Where Parrington outdistanced many another critic was in his more sympathetic grasp of his subject, and a superior historical background. Writers on American literature have, for example, often been content to know Franklin from his own *Autobiography*, and to supplement this "lit-

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[2]I am indebted to Mr. S. Spencer Scott, president of Harcourt, Brace and Company, for the information that *Main Currents* "is used mostly in literature departments as a text in American Literature."

erary" selection with fugitive "literary" essays from his other works. Such writers have also had a penchant for referring knowingly to Hamilton, Jefferson, and Paine, and then hurrying on to deal extensively with such a literary clique as the "Hartford Wits." Parrington observed that numerous social, and even political, figures were often more quotable, better *expressive* of their contemporary thought than the formal *littérateurs* of their time. Why, he reasoned, shouldn't they receive greater consideration?

To be sure, he states, in his second volume of *Main Currents*, that he had been guided in his work by historical documents rather than "aesthetic judgments," but it is plain that it was aesthetic considerations which determined the bulk of his work. Else why, for example, did he give so very much attention to Herman Melville, who lived and died, to all intents and purposes, unknown—and none to the "divine" Lydia Sigourney, whose verse Poe admired? Parrington meant, rather, it would seem, that he had not *limited* himself to narrow aesthetics; and this seems to me to have been a singularly healthy view to take of American culture. A nation like our own, which began from scratch, could hardly find time to separate rigidly the fields of literature, history, and philosophy. Let me illustrate this point with reference to England, which has, over the centuries, built up her various cultural harvests upon recognizably adequate foundations. Disraeli, novelist as well as statesman, has been given due attention in English literary accounts—less attention, naturally, than, let us say, Henry Fielding and Thackeray. But suppose there had been no Fielding or Thackeray? Would it have been a confusion of cultural fields to have assigned Disraeli high importance in the literature of the nineteenth century?

I doubt that Parrington succeeded in tracing American currents of thought as thoroughly as some of his "disciples" believe. His task was enormous: his carefully layered discussions of American thought, history, biography, and literary criticism scarcely show how enormous it was. Here is material not for one three-volumed study, but for half a dozen. No wonder Parrington held on to a relatively simple theory of economic determinism, and developed a type of historical reference which saw puritanism and aristocracy at perpetual odds with individual rights, monopoly becoming the main enemy after the Civil War. To have suggested greater complexity would have left the reader—faced

with relating historical to cultural events—wandering among names, dates, and ideas, with no way out.[3]

It was Parrington's accomplishment that he faced the problem of American literature squarely, and recognized that it was not to be understood merely by parroting the old familiar literary "headings" and "sub-headings" ("Knickerbocker School," "Concord School," "Western Writers"). He stepped outside formal evaluations and formal material; and he surely plotted the main currents in American thought. Whether or not he assigned *correct* currents to one or another figure he treated remains a moot question for specialists. Bernard Smith, in his *Forces in American Criticism* (1939), protests against Parrington's claim that Edgar Allen Poe is better explained by the psychiatrist than the historian. One can object to Smith's extreme Marxist bias and still agree that Poe's power and influence have deeper roots in the American environment than Parrington was able to fathom.

To point out errors, not to say omissions, however, and to disagree with one or another of Parrington's judgments, is not to minimize *Main Currents*, but rather to underscore the monumental nature of his work. It was not by accident that his first volume was his best: background materials for evaluating the "Colonial Mind" (1620-1800) had been accumulating for several generations. What made Parrington's first volume so luminous was his fresh enthusiasm for the work, his ability to take a modern view of men and events already familiar to the scholar. Parrington's contribution was less, in other words, to

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[3]Such complexity as *Main Currents* offers, therefore, is of a peculiar type. Parrington's Jeffersonian bias overshadows his entire work, but its *force* varies with several factors: (1) Parrington's interpretations of the values inherent in the work of one or another protagonist; and (2) the "disillusionment" which afflicted him, as well as other progressives required to endure the let-down of the post-World War I era. His own ultimate faith he voiced in the introduction to his unfinished third volume:

"The third-party movements have always been democratic movements, and though they have failed in their immediate objectives they have served the purpose of reminding the major parties—oftentimes rudely—that America presumes to be a democratic country. Thus interpreted the history of the political struggle in America since 1790 falls into three broad phases: the Jeffersonian movement that asserted the ideal of political democracy; the Jacksonian movement that established it crudely in practice; and the successive third-party movements that attempted to regain such ground as had been lost, to extend the field, and to perfect the machinery of democratic government."

material scholarship than to interpretation. But it was an interpretation so grounded in American affairs, that literature and history can both be grateful to him. He helped whittle down the preciously literary critic who wrote, let us say, of Emerson's art with almost no grasp of the times which formed it; and he diminished the baldly political American historian.

Incidentally, there was another, and very important reason for Parrington's heavy concern for "historical documents": he needed impressive evidence to support his less orthodox opinions. We need to recall how tight was the grip of conservatism in the literary field. Speaking of "New England in Decay," Parrington reminds us:

> Great figures from the past—Emerson, Longfellow, Lowell, Whittier, Holmes, Motley, Parkman—still walked the streets of Boston, and their extraordinary reputations were little less than tyrannous in the inhibitions they laid on younger men. It is incomprehensible today, the authority of these great reputations. Young William Winter walking twenty miles to stand in the moonlight at Craigie House gate and view reverently the silent walls within which the great Longfellow was sleeping. . . .

The authority of these "great reputations" persisted far beyond its credibility. Once more recall Melville, whose *Moby Dick* was published in 1851, and who was completely forgotten in his own lifetime, and who did not come to life again until the middle 1920's. Parrington had a great deal to explain. But assuming that American literature will ripen fully in time and stand unsupported upon its own premises, it will still require such a painstaking combination of historical fact and critical imaginativeness as Parrington's, as a corrective upon tendencies of mere fact and mere fancy.

IV

Parrington, in his second volume, recorded an interesting opinion of the work of several eminent American historians:

> [R]epresentative of the Brahmin spirit was the work of William M. Prescott, John L. Motley, and Francis Parkman, who constitute what may be called the romantic school of Boston historians. . . . Prescott and Motley turned away from the partisanships of America, and while Jacksonianism was in full swing the former wrote his *Ferdinand and Isabella*, and while the country was wrangling over slavery the latter wrote his *Rise of the Dutch Republic*. Broad in conception and dramatic in treatment, they are admirable works, yet they suggest that aloofness from the sordid realities of America so characteristic of the Brahmin Mind.

No one would try to prove that Carlyle was escaping from sordid realities, in writing his history of the French Revolution, or that its lessons were not lessons for his day. I have discussed his work as subject matter, and treatment in the literary sense. It remains to be considered as history.

Wrote C. D. Hazen, in his own history of the French Revolution:

> In English, Carlyle's *French Revolution*, the most famous book on the subject in the language . . . [is] chiefly a series of brilliant pictures of episodes and a remarkable collection of characterizations of the leading personalities of the time. [It is] deficient or lacking in the constitutional, diplomatic, economic, military and religious aspects of the Revolution.

Here is a notable list of omissions, and, coupled with the earlier mentioned charge of inaccuracy might well bring in question the value of Carlyle's masterpiece. It is a question with which Hilaire Belloc came to precise grips in an introduction which he wrote for it in 1929:

> [A] man who so attempts the double function [that is, of philosopher and historian] stands under a sharper light than any other sort of writer. And that for this reason: that the work of the historian is justly recognized by men to be one of supreme importance, and to be one that requires literary powers for its fulfillment, requires also twenty other qualities as rarely possessed or as difficult of attainment. . . . History is the object-lesson of politics, and unless history is presented to us truly, it had better not be presented to us at all.

Carlyle would, Belloc concluded, be remembered in England chiefly as an historian. How would he be judged? It should be noted that this is the biographer of Robespierre and Marie Antoinette now speaking: To those who protested that Carlyle was a peasant and a Calvinist, unable to understand Catholic France and its ruling-classes, that he was interested in exciting the reader's interest, and neither understood French character, nor the intricacies of the French language, Belloc replied that Carlyle largely overcame the alien and religious obstacles in his path, and that his portraits are in great measure "vivid and true," despite minor inaccuracies.[4]

This brings us to the crux of the matter, Belloc categorically

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[4]For instance, Belloc dissents from Carlyle's distasteful picture of Robespierre, as in his famous "sea-green" epithet: "[It] is based on *one* phrase of Mme. de Stael's, misread. What Madame de Stael said was that the prominent veins in Robespierre's forehead showed greenish-blue against his fair and somewhat pale skin. But his complexion was healthy, and his expression, if anything, winning."

asserting that "Carlyle is without question one of the most accurate historians that ever put pen to paper." Yet Belloc couldn't have meant that there were no errors in *The French Revolution*. No one who has examined annotated editions of this work can fail to notice that Carlyle made many a slip, even in the use of available data. What Belloc meant was that in presenting the French Revolution as he did, Carlyle preserved an amazing integrity. His work was written almost entirely in the present tense, and to a great degree from the point of view of one or another of the protagonists: Bouillé, Necker, Charlotte Corday, and the others, as well as of smaller men who achieved note, like the diarist Jourgniac. It involved a constant change of tone and tempo. It involved, in short, "almost fictional responsibilities [and] would have driven any ordinary man to all kinds of error."

How faithfully Carlyle worked to diminish the possibility of error, we know. A sensitive and imaginative man who hated research, he forced himself painfully to check details of trifling significance; and if a formidable number of errors nevertheless accumulated, it was only because the scope of his work, as he had set it for himself, was truly endless. Consider, for example, such a detail as his misinterpretation of the pace of the King's attempted flight from Paris. The matter-of-fact historian would not have slipped: all he needed to do was record the circumstances surrounding the attempted escape, the events which occurred during the ride, the arrest and return. It was because Carlyle entered into the spirit of the flight, because he accumulated so many details of its progress, that he misconstrued the distance from Paris to the frontier, and wrote as though the King and his party had squandered time and opportunity. An editorial note corrects Carlyle's error, but it does not cancel the essential truth Carlyle grasped: that the royal party had in fact played prodigal with its chances, even during that ill-starred ride toward Varennes.

Carlyle's *Critical and Miscellaneous Essays* show the kind of effort he expended on his work. His thoughtful paper on the "Parliamentary History of the French Revolution," for instance, demonstrates how much time and concentration he gave its infinite records—the "Hist. Parl." which modestly appears on so many pages of *The French Revolution* gives no idea of how much there is of it. Or consider Carlyle's detailed, seventy-three page essay on "The Diamond Necklace," which, in *The French Revolution* proper, takes no more than a few pages,

and several brief, sardonic passages; or, finally, his famous correction of the *Vengeur* episode, in which, having been misled by Barrere's false report, he did not rest until he had published a full account of the matter, corrected the account given in *The French Revolution*, and concluded with a ringing paragraph on truth.

What, however, can we say of Hazen's observation that Carlyle almost totally ignored the religious, diplomatic, and other aspects of the Revolution; that, also, Carlyle's concluding chapter, which dealt with Bonaparte's debut on the 13th of Vendemaire (October 5, 1795) —was *improperly* called the "whiff of grapeshot" which ended, as Carlyle wrote, "what we specifically call the French Revolution"? Hazen termed this an imaginative and inaccurate phrase, since the history of the Directory, Babeuf's conspiracy, and Napoleon's rise to power also belong to the period of the Revolution.

Had Carlyle attempted to incorporate all relevant aspects of the Revolution, he would without doubt have bogged himself down; in addition to which, definitions of the Revolution, particularly in such a time as 1837, had to be made arbitrarily, to some extent. What needs to be underscored is that no "epic" quality, such as John Stuart Mill observed in *The French Revolution*, would have saved it from oblivion, had its picture of events differed drastically from the reality: the weight of new evidence and wider treatment would have been too formidable. The simple fact is that Carlyle's so-called "vividness" corresponded exactly to what has been, in other historians, "interpretation." For it is one thing, for example, to *say* that Robespierre was a cold and narrow person, as the pedant might; it is another thing to *reveal* him in that light, as Carlyle undertook to do. Neither method belongs solely to historians.

V

If one misses economic and ideological analysis in Carlyle, he will not miss it in Parrington. A typical American from the middle west, Parrington could add, subtract, and divide an individual's social position and intellectual baggage with gusto. Out for results in human betterment, he had little courtesy to waste on scoundrels and failures, and his accounts of Jay Gould and others of his ilk were edged with steel.

The wonder was, that Parrington was nevertheless a man of un-

bounded intellectual honesty and vast scholarship, anxious not to knock down straw men and raise others. There is a contrast, here, between *Main Currents* and *The Great Tradition*, by Granville Hicks (1933), which set out to cover much of the ground of the earlier book, but with narrower literary aims. This latter work began by assuming that the American tradition was and always had been basically *realistic*—and then for its entire course proceeded to condemn every major American thinker and writer for having deviated from the tradition.

Parrington was more realistic. He accepted the American tradition for what it seemed to have been, rather than what it could or should have been. And for all his lack of sympathy with such Americans as John C. Calhoun and the Southern novelist William Gilmore Simms (to take two or his typical figures), he treated them with attention and consummate understanding.

Where he scored again and again was in his ability to present typical spokesmen of the various state and sectional cultures; and, in his analyses, to refer their opinions and actions, first, to the general tradition which had nurtured them, then, to the larger social class to which they paid allegiance. Thus, Benjamin Franklin's origins, we are told, were narrowly provincial, but his mind was curiously open and free. "To such a mind the intellectual wealth of the world is open and free. The Calvinism in which he was bred left not the slightest trace upon him; and the middle-class world from which he emerged, did not narrow his mind to its petty horizons." But how, if Franklin was handicapped by Calvinism and a middle-class environment, was his mind given scope?

> Fortune was kind to Franklin in many ways . . . in that it set him in a land where opportunity waited upon enterprise, and where thousands of kindred spirits were erecting a society that honored such qualities as he possessed. In England he must have remained middle-class; but in Colonial America he found a congenial environment. Like Samuel Sewell, he swam easily in the native current of colonial life, won increasing honors until—as he naïvely remarked—he came more than once to stand before kings. How fortunate he was is revealed by contrast with the career of his great English counterpart and fellow spirit, Daniel Defoe, whose *Essay on Progress*—a classic document of the rising middle-class—might well have been Franklin's first text-book.

Parrington follows this with an interesting discussion in contrasts, explaining the forces which, in one country, frustrated Defoe, in the other country, advanced Franklin. But perhaps enough has been said

to indicate Parrington's method of treating character with reference to society. And also, it might be emphasized, to classes. Here Parrington stands in marked contrast to Carlyle, whose antipathy to the Jacobin Marat, for instance, was at no point related to an antipathy for the rising French middle-class. Indeed, if we were to attempt to chart the France of Carlyle's study in revolution, we should have difficulty in separating class interests. We should have to begin with the Nobility, condemned, in Carlyle's view, not by definition, but by selfishness and inepitude. We should have to juxtapose to it, not clergy, bourgeoisie, and peasants, but the People, a mystical (and, of course, dangerous) concept through which the various social phenomena of the Revolution filter: capable of high sensitivity to injustice, and, on the other hand, capable of condoning—for a time—the fiercest excesses of the Terror.

In Parrington, classes, influenced by traditional and economic—chiefly economic—motives, must bear the burden of one or another social effect; and there can be no doubt that Parrington, with an eye on Progress, was partisan to the Rebel. Note, in the following, the negative view which implies the positive qualities he expected in his titans; the subject is Oliver Wendell Holmes, the elder:

> In his attitude toward the present comfortable arrangement of society, Holmes was no rebel. He was not callous to the evils of society, but he was willing to take a longer time in the march toward civilization than more exigent souls wished. . . . If his attitude was not the indifferentism of the well-to-do, it was near kin to it. He reflected the negative qualities of Unitarianism, rather than the positive, the free mind rather than the tender conscience. His social bias is sufficiently revealed in the tributes and praise he bestowed so generously. Among those whom he delighted to honor, the names of Garrison, Phillips, Parker, Thoreau, Greeley, John Brown do not appear; instead he offered his praises to Everett, Webster, Bryant, Whittier, Agassiz, Parkman, Wilkie Collins, the Grand Duke Alexis, and a host of lesser celebrities known to the Back Bay. . . .
>
> He was always an amateur; life was too agreeable to take the trouble to become an artist. . . . Kindly, delightful, fortunate Dr. Holmes! chief citizen of the Hub of the Universe! . . . and if a grudging posterity inclines to rate him and his little world somewhat lower than he rated them, what difference can that make to him? Tolerant himself, we should perhaps emulate his example, and not insist too rudely that he is only a minor figure in American literature.

Here we have social history and literary criticism tellingly combined, much of its strength depending, of course, on supplementary

discussions of others mentioned above. Rebellion had no extreme connotations for Parrington, and he never wandered far from the recognizable main streams in search of heroes.

VI

From Carlyle, one can hardly fail to catch a veracious and unforgettable sense of the significance of the French Revolution. And from Parrington one can learn a liberalism which is no less arresting. It is obvious that both had roots which were only partly in history. In reading Carlyle, one feels it would not be difficult to find himself discussing personality—the personality of Marat, for example, whom Carlyle sardonically called "Friend of the People," borrowing the phrase from Marat's journal—rather than direct relationship with great events of the Revolution. In such a case, one appreciates the direct scholarship of such a book as Louis Gottschalk's *Jean Paul Marat: a study in Radicalism* (1927), with its simple statement of scholarly intentions: to arrive at the facts.

Again, one suspects that more than one discussion in American "thought" might leave one analyzing, with Parrington, a passage, for example, in Walt Whitman (whom Parrington believed "a great figure —the greatest assuredly in our literature") for exact poetic weight; or pondering the significance of Parrington's notorious over-estimate of James Branch Cabell. And, once more, such a byway seems less likely to present itself in such a study as Ralph H. Gabriel's *The Course of American Democratic Thought* (1940), where the emphases are more consistently on historical experience.

This is, of course, not to say that history should not be grateful for having enlisted the energies of such imaginative and talented writers as Carlyle and Parrington. If anything, it underscores the importance of social documents not only to historians but to others concerned with society and its culture. It is by comparing the qualities important to various humanistic pursuits, and learning to discriminate them, that we are increasingly able to define our intellectual problems. Carlyle and Parrington can teach and aid us to resolve historical and cultural values for ourselves.

Anti-Americanism, British Garden Variety

By MILTON D. GRAHAM

THE SUCCESS of British gardens is not accidental. There is nothing more deliberate than an herbaceous border. From primrose to chrysanthemums, from April to October, it must be a profusion of blossoms that ascend in orderly stair-steps from the short ageratum used as border to the espaliered fruit tree high against the back wall. Blossom periods must be calculated, color schemes must be considered, height of plants must be anticipated. The wonder is that for all its careful planning the successful herbaceous border appears casual and unpremeditated—and very British.

The same can be said about British attitudes toward America. British views of America are not accidental but based on some first-hand and much second-hand experience with Americans. These views have run the gamut of time and content from the acid invective of Samuel Johnson to the flowery advocacy of Winston Churchill. For all their air of casualness, such sentiments are generally carefully calculated and considered—and very British, especially that well-planned herbaceous border that includes some "critical" attitudes that are often referred to as "anti-American."

There is no standard "anti-American" attitude among the British any more than there is a standard British garden. Variety and profusion abound—within limits. There is nothing haphazard about the variety of individual attitudes and the profusion of critical (seldom hostile) comments. It is possible to recognize an over-all pattern, one part of which can be called unfavorable or at times anti-American.

Anything so extreme as being anti-American is seldom admitted. Aneurin Bevan, the *enfant terrible* of British politics and often a harsh

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A Fullbright fellowship and grant as part of UNESCO's International Tensions project enabled MILTON D. GRAHAM to complete the study from which the present article takes off. Much of his work was done at the London School of Economics.

critic of American policies, stoutly maintains that he is not anti-American, that he does not question American motives; he questions only American wisdom and ability to wield its tremendous power for the good of the world. Or as he cleverly phrases it in his recent book, *In Place of Fear:* "The United States is very strong but is she sure she is as wise as she is strong?" Still Mr. Bevan for all his overt and covert criticism admits to no extreme position: "It is almost impossible to express critical views about the policies of a nation to which you do not belong without exposing yourself to the charge of being anti that nation."

In the long run it probably matters very little whether a Briton given to expressing "critical views" about America can be labelled "anti-American" or not. It is more important to be concerned with the makeup and the motivation of those "critical views," their relative strength when placed alongside sympathetic views, and the role that the critical views can be expected to play in British-American relations.

The instrument has yet to be devised that can measure such complex attitudes and sentiments on a national scale with any degree of confidence. No doubt in time that instrument will be fashioned and impressionistic hunches and "intelligence" abandoned. In the meantime detailed analysis of the attitudes of groups of people that correspond as closely as possible to the general population must serve to satisfy the need.

Any analysis of the "critical views" that the British hold of America must begin with cataloguing them, a task that is simpler than might appear on first consideration. There is what has been written and what is being said to be accounted for. As to what has been written, the dozens of literary accounts of America written by Britons from colonial days to the present time have been expertly analyzed by such able scholars as Allan Nevins, Henry Steele Commager and Denis Brogan. They find descriptive phrases like "Americans are boastful" and themes like "materialistic culture" recurring time after time. With these recurring items, the catalogue of critical views begins.

The morning newspaper at breakfast tables throughout Britain is a London paper. What news or comments on America can be found in the daily press has an equal opportunity of being read in a Pall Mall club or on an Aberdeen wharf. The American news in the daily press for any period can be scanned for critical comments in the Colindale

branch of the British Museum. The Trade Union Congress, parent organization of all British labor unions, has an American press cuttings (clippings) file as has an office of the Ministry of Information. The press associations have spot news clipping files. All are available for study. The catalogue of critical views of America grows.

The British Broadcasting Corporation is a national monopoly. The average British radio listener has a choice of three programs which are listed a week in advance in the *Radio Times*. Programs on American topics are a matter of common knowledge. When a series of talks on American topics like "The Impact of American Culture on Europe" is announced, wide publicity is given the series and verbatim records of the talks are published in the BBC weekly magazine *The Listener*. Audience reaction to such programs is occasionally studied by BBC Listener Research. All of this source material expands the catalogue of critical views.

The trade association of American film distributors in Britain offers occasional insights into British audience reactions to American films. Three professional polling agencies keep on file their studies on opinion reactions to America and Americans. These are also available for perusal and add to the critical views catalogue, which by this time is comprehensive enough to serve as a reliable summary of what has been writen concerning America.

What is being said in the way of critical views about America is also simpler to ascertain than might be expected. A systematic appraisal of the individual Briton's attitudes toward America is possible without much difficulty since, happily, on the subject of America, at least, there is not the slightest evidence that the British are reserved or reticent. Everyone has an opinion about America and Americans, it appears, and is willing to divulge it. The problem is not to elicit opinions but to control the number of topics so that some sort of systematic analysis of important topics is assured. For this control a comprehensive questionnaire comprised of items from the catalogue of written material serves.

The people who respond to the questionnaire are readily available through social and fraternal organizations like International Rotary and the English-Speaking Union; through political clubs sponsored by the Labor and Tory parties; through educational groups like Oxford, Cambridge and Edinburgh university classes. Workers' Edu-

cational Association groups, day classes for working youth, United Nations Association chapters, and so on. These are active and verbally inclined people who are apt to be opinion leaders rather than followers.

Seven hundred and twenty-five such respondents making more than 50,000 individual responses to the questionnaire can afford enough material to examine critical views in some detail. In one such study 20,000 of the 50,000 responses were considered critical views of America by a panel of ten Britons who had lived in the United States extensively and ten Americans who had lived in Britain extensively. An analysis of these 20,000 critical views revealed four important generalizations:

1. Britons are inclined to like Americans as individuals most, as a people less and as a nation least.

2. Most criticisms are not extreme or uniformly unfavorable to all aspects of American life.

3. There is no "hard core" of anti-Americanism, no sizable group in Britain that can be expected to be anti-American at all times.

4. Most criticisms are the results of viewing Americans and America in a purely British context and finding them wanting by British standards, a situation not wholly conducive to keener British-American understanding.

To be meaningful, these far-reaching generalizations require some discussion.

1. Britons are inclined to like Americans as individuals most, as a people less and as a nation least. The individual Americans that Britons know are generally relatives or acquaintances that bring to the respondents' minds:

> "My cousins in California"
>
> "Certain American friends of whom I am very fond"
>
> "The many Americans I met while liaison officer between British and American intelligence. I think in terms of individuals unless the context limits thought to a section or characteristic."

Most Britons, however, think not in terms of individual Americans that they have known but in terms of "American types" seen in American films or more importantly seen in person like the American tourist or the wartime GI, people that they have observed but not known. At once the critical element enters:

> "Rather wealthy tourists expressing wonder at the apparent backwardness of Britain"

"Gum-chewing tourists with a nasal accent, showy clothes and wearing spectacles"

"Raucous-voiced women ardently pursuing culture"

A review of many such comments makes it clear that the British spectator generally objects to the manner of the American tourist, especially what appears to be ostentation in dress, over-aggressiveness in personal relations with Britons, the manners of what one respondent summed up as "noisy, get-ahead, flamboyant types."

Occasionally a doubt enters as to whether the American tourist is after all a "typical American" as one Edinburgh respondent remembers

> the drawling sound of their voices at the cinema commenting aloud instead of experiencing silently. It is likely that this is a distortion and not widely characteristic. The opposite impression has been given by the Americans at the university.

Besides the tourist, the wartime GI has been the most widely known of the personally experienced "American types." There is no doubt that the 2,000,000 GIs left an indelible impression on the minds of most British, and most generally a favorable impression in retrospect like the memory of a 65-year-old London clubwoman who recalls

> the continual stream of GIs who passed thro' my YMCA Hotel in the 6 months before D-day. Mostly simple, affectionate, good-hearted lads, responsive to kindness. I have very happy memories of them.

Or the impression of a 52-year-old director of a small engineering firm who remembers

> my close contacts with the American wartime army when I had the pleasure of meeting and living with a large cross-section of Americans of all classes.

The unhappy memories are few but not forgotten:

"Poor soldiers with too much money"

"Cocksureness and lack of discipline"

"Vigorous, aggressive, immature but absolutely loyal to us"

"Lounging, gum-chewing GIs"

In general, the GI escapes the critical views much more than any other type because he is the only American type experienced widely enough and the only American type that has afforded the British people a view of a cross-section of Americans. The criticism of other types is much harsher, like the remark of one respondent, for instance, whose first thought of America is

> a great big dollar sign and a big-mouthed industrialist bowing down before it,

or as another respondent says on the same subject,

> businessmen ill-informed on world affairs who will stop at nothing to further the interests of America

All of the remarks about the American businessman and other American types (except the GIs and tourists) make it plain that they are not known personally to them but are creatures of the films, stage, press and radio. As a result the remarks are often stereotyped, stilted and partisan, as

> Of the Negro: "typical rolling-eyed Bop or jive fan" or "coal-black mammy type"
>
> Of a cowboy: "a tough guy à la Humphrey Bogart"
>
> Of a high-school student: "resembles Robert Walker—film star"
>
> Of a businessman: "an American Babbitt"

Critical views of Americans as a people reflect many of the same stereotyped generalizations and generally in greater frequency and intensity. The most popular critical descriptive phrases among the respondents are:

> The Americans — are cocksure.
> — cater to their young people.
> — are noisy.
> — boast and brag a lot.
> — have no facility for self-criticism.
> — are not well educated.

Other respondents volunteered generalizations about the Americans as a people, generalizations that are just as stereotyped, if more colorful, as for example,

> "Overdressed people with unlimited money and food galore"
>
> "People who are very sure of themselves and feel they own the world"
>
> "Stupid, aggressive, self-righteous, war-mongering"

Occasionally a respondent will explain why he has become more critical as he moves from consideration of individuals to consideration of Americans en masse, like the 26-year-old science instructor who has had no military service and who calls the Americans

> stupid, aggressive, self-righteous, war-mongering. I principally hear of the "Americans" in their actions in international affairs and these actions being so narrow-minded and so liable to bring us all into war fill me with such a frustrated rage that my anger spreads to all individual Americans, though I know that this is totally irrational as the characteristics of individuals are definitely not represented by the actions of their governments. But whatever I *know*, that is certainly how I feel about the Americans. I have met a number of individual Americans in this country whom I have liked very much, but I have fitted them in with my views by telling myself that they are exceptions. Because I feel strongly about the "Americans," it looks as though they are going to be the cause of our destruction.

As with this characterization, the critical views of the American people are generally mixed, being partially favorable and partially unfavorable, as

"A curious mixture of very tough business dealings and great generosity and idealism"

"Friendly—energetic and assertive, materialistic but easy to get on with"

"Noise and rush allied with simple kindness and immaturity"

"A very confident, likeable but not too 'balanced' people"

Critical views increase as America as a nation becomes the subject of the respondents' concern. Responses to 50 opinion statements (sources not revealed to the respondents) illustrate this trend:

60% definitely DISAGREE: The United States holds by right the undisputed leadership among the free peoples of the world. (From an editorial in the conservative Birmingham Post, 21 January 1949.)

58% definitely DISAGREE: There must be throughout the world only one armed force unquestionably loyal to a single civil authority, the government of the alliance in which the United States is paramount. (Bertrand Russell in the book *The Atomic Age,* 1949)

75% definitely AGREE: The United States must learn that international trade is a two-way traffic. (BBC broadcast, July 1949)

54% definitely DISAGREE: American movies are more entertaining. (Denis Brogan in book, *American Themes,* 1949)

53% definitely AGREE: In America the rich hold sway. (Headline in Communist *Daily Worker,* 2 February 1949)

52% definitely AGREE: The Communist bogey overshadows everything in America. (Alice Bacon in the Yorkshire *Evening News,* 22 September 1947).

These, then, are several outstanding examples of the critical views that Britons hold of Americans as types, as a people and as a nation. Having thus outlined such views, an analysis of them is in order.

2. *Most criticisms are not extreme or uniformly unfavorable to all aspects of American life.* The criticisms of Americans as a people consisted of both voluntary statements and responses to a selection of 72 descriptive phrases. The voluntary statements were 24% definitely unfavorable or "critical," 31% were mixed critical-and-favorable, and 45% were definitely favorable. Responses to the 72 descriptive phrases show the following distribution:

Strongly favorable	19%
Moderately favorable	24%
Ambivalent	20%
Moderately unfavorable	27%
Strongly unfavorable	10%

This distribution indicates that extremely critical views are outnumbered two-to-one by extremely favorable views, and further that the highest frequencies are among the moderate rather than extreme positions, with a sizable 20% at midpoint indicating a thoroughly ambivalent position.

The responses to the 50 opinion statements show a similar distribution with the same emphasis of moderation of both praise and criticism:

Strongly favorable	7.2%
Moderately favorable	30 %
Ambivalent	18.2%
Moderately unfavorable	22.5%
Strongly unfavorable	7.3%
No answer	14.8%

From these distributions of responses, it seems fair to assume that the strongly critical element would probably not exceed 10% if it were to operate uniformly toward all aspects of American life in a critical way. The evidence, however, is that the strongly critical element does not operate "across the board."

3. There is no "hard core" of anti-Americanism, no sizable group in Britain that can be expected to be anti-American at all times. The practice among respondents is to make both favorable and unfavorable remarks. To take a look at the distribution of responses of the extreme elements, from the first 500 respondents, the scores of 32 placed them in the strongly favorable bracket as far as Americans as a people were concerned; 19 respondents' scores placed them in the strongly unfavorable bracket. The distribution of their responses shows that they are not consistently favorable or unfavorable:

	32 Fav.	*19 Unfav.*
Strongly favorable	285	25
Moderately favorable	291	70
Ambivalent	171	104
Moderately unfavorable	125	214
Strongly unfavorable	25	133

A more exact device of determining whether *as a group* there are Britons uniformly critical of all aspects of American life is the test of statistically significant differences among identically matched subsamples. This technique applied to the respondents' scores yielded *no* uniformly critical group based on age differences, differences of political affiliation, class differences, differences of educational attainment,

differences of residence either regional or rural-urban, differences between respondents answering before the outbreak of the Korean War and those answering after, differences as to the number of American contacts claimed, or differences between active club or organizational members and nonaffiliated persons.

In other words, no group *as such* by any of several tests of differences was significantly and consistently critical in their responses. This is easily explained. The respondents, for instance, who identify themselves as Socialists dislike many aspects of American economic policies but show much sympathy to the American high material standard of life. Likewise, respondents identifying themselves as Conservatives dislike many aspects of American materialistic cultural life but admire the economic policies.

The practice of deliberately picking and choosing their likes and dislikes of America and Americans has ruled out the possibility of the existence of any sizable consistently anti-American group. Critical views are shared by all ages, all classes, all political adherents, all regions, and by all other characteristics usually applied to a group of respondents, shared in varying degrees of criticism but not in *significantly* varying degrees. The 725 respondents' reactions are not working-class reactions, or middle-aged reactions or political reactions but primarily *British* reactions.

4. Most criticisms are the results of viewing Americans and America in a purely British context and finding them wanting by British standards, a situation not wholly conducive to increased British-American understanding. The criticisms of American tourists are a case in point. The British have a moderate island climate and have very little experience with the climatic extremes that prevail throughout continental America; gay print frocks seen at social occasions like Wimbledon, "commem" ball teas and at county horse shows may seem ostentatious on London streets although they are common in New York. American clothes also remind the British of their own austerity conditions, of the drabness of "utility" clothing and the lack of any other clothes in the popular price range. The result is a mixture of resentment and envy that cannot be reasoned or wished away.

The aggressiveness of Americans in their social contacts is another point that disturbs many Britons, what one respondent referred to charitably as "open-hearted, friendly persons, anxious to impress by

their personality" and what another respondent referred to less charitably as "their self-assertion and money power." Evelyn Waugh, the author, put it directly: "Americans talk too much."

There are reasons, American reasons. The need to relieve the social isolation of many parts of America, the tradition of neighborliness growing out of the necessary social co-operation of the frontier, the need to adjust quickly to social situations arising out of the much greater moving about that Americans do, the desire to relieve the boredom of long journeys, American curiosity about old and settled communities which few of them have known—these are only a few of the factors that Britons do not consider when they label Americans too assertive, too forward, too talkative.

The contrast of the two societies is pointed up in the experience of the American tourist who parked his car near St. Paul's cathedral. A policeman politely informed him that it was not a legal parking area. The American stood his ground and remarked that he saw no "No Parking" sign. "Ah, yes, but everyone *knows*!" the bobby explained. A seething American society needs signs, needs talk that may be annoying to an old, settled society that "knows" from centuries of accumulated experience in living together.

The understandable British habit of judging Americans in wholly British terms may not be too important in the realm of social customs, but it is most important in the realm of international understanding. Aneurin Bevan strikes a responsive chord in most British minds when he questions the wisdom of American leaders. Some of the doubt is honestly one of policy; some of the doubt is justified by irresponsible acts like the Fogarty "Irish" amendment to the foreign aid bill of 1950 or the inexcusable pronouncements of some junketing officials and tourists who loudly advise, for instance, doing away with the monarchy as an unjustifiable financial expense; some of the doubt of the American ability to rise adequately to world leadership may be justified by the all too recent history of American isolationism; but the doubt that seems unjustified is that of the questionable calibre of American leaders viewed in a purely British context. British political leaders are almost entirely recruited from the universities, as a recent article in the *Economist* has pointed out. British business, scientific and cultural leaders, likewise, come from that same small circle of university-trained people. The "cultured" accent is their hallmark;

the cockney accent of Ernest Bevin was and the provincial Welsh accent of Aneurin Bevan is the notable exception to the rule that British leaders come from the cultured classes.

The British preoccupation with the American accent (an archaic, provincial accent to British ears) and its attendant charge of lack of culture are at times oblique reflections on the quality of American leaders who lack the cultured hallmark of accent and generally have instead the thick provincial accents that "Nye" Bevan personifies in Britain. It is, of course, not a valid comparison but nonetheless one to be met as a disturbing factor in British evaluations of American world leadership.

Other disturbing factors are more excusable. Sir Arthur Salter at the inception of the Marshall Plan in 1948 gave as his candid opinion:

> Even in this country there is perhaps some partly subconscious resentment among the governing classes at the passing of power to the great republic of the West; and in the public as a whole a natural jealousy at the obvious contrast between domestic austerities and American prosperity.

The *Manchester Guardian* of 21 February 1947 said editorially:

> Americans like Victorian Englishmen long ago enjoy the highest material standard of living in the world. . . . They see now that they run the risk of being involuntarily isolated by a whole world that dislikes them because it envies them.

One respondent of this study of critical views and anti-Americanism says it more directly. He is a seventeen-year-old middle-class toolmaker's apprentice whose first thoughts of America are of "Power which I sould [*sic*] like England to have."

Envy of American material well-being and resentment at the passing of power are understandable reactions and are probably the main sources of the moderately critical views that exist among the British concerning Americans. These views are perhaps inevitable in any power relationship and not to be a matter of concern as long as they are moderate, are widely scattered among the population, and amount to only about one-third of the attitudes and opinions expressed.

The same can be said of that less excusable source of critical views, the viewing of Americans in a purely British context. It is a matter of lack of information, of nationalistic outlook, of misinformation, of a not too happy heritage of differences, of a lack of interest—all of which might very well be levelled at Americans in their attitudes toward the British. The result is a lack of mutual understanding that takes

expression in the moderately "critical views" of most of the British concerning America and in the anti-Americanism of a very small number.

As it stands now, the one-third critical element is well balanced and deliberate; under the best of conditions it is subject to atrophy as is the undecided or ambivalent 20 per cent; under the worst of conditions these elements could combine into a majority critical element which could be called by one name if it persisted long: anti-Americanism.

The trend of the predominantly favorable but always precarious British attitudes toward America is very much like the trials of a British herbaceous border: its deliberate balance is always at the mercy of the elements and bad planning; both need constant tending to be successful.

We Note . . . .

What Kind of Responsibility for China?

So much, it seems, do we take political democracy for granted that we are forgetful of democratic fundamentals. And so forgetful are we of fundamentals that we come dangerously close to surrendering our political democracy by inadvertence.

That the responsibility of those charged with formulating and executing public policy can never be criminal, but must always be political, is one of the basic principles of democratic constitutionalism. It means that mistakes in political judgment, no matter how detrimental to the nation, can only be remedied by depriving irresponsible policy-makers of political power. It is a principle which is one of the great achievements of Anglo-American constitutional history—a principle which emerged in the eighteenth century when impeachment as a remedy for political miscalculations fell into disuse; and when it became established that political officers are responsible for political mistakes not to the courts of law, but to Parliament, as in England, or to the electorate, as in the United States.

Decision-making, especially on the highest policy level, is hazardous. For at no time does the decision-maker have at his disposal all those facts which may be relevant in developing sound policy, nor can he possibly divine all the consequences following all those alternatives which he must take under advisement. Indeed, sound as his judgment may have been at the time when a decision was made, new situations, in no way foreseeable, may divert results away from his intentions. Under this condition it appears foolish to place criminal responsibility upon political acts. For if policy-makers may be held liable for political mistakes—mistakes which do not derive from the violation of any law, but rather from the inherent limitations of human foresight—it is most unlikely that the public service will attract disinterested men of high ability and integrity who can be entrusted with the arduous task of making vital decisions.

These considerations seem to be relevant as one reflects on the meaning of the debate over America's China policy. No other public policy has been discussed so venomously in recent years. Politicians have testified against politicians, generals against generals, experts against experts, and even university professors against other professors. The atmosphere has resembled more the proceedings of a criminal tribunal than of a political forum. What is worse, in no debate on public policy has one side been so willing and ready to sacrifice to partisan advantage the principle of *political* responsibility for alleged mistakes in *political* judgment.

All of this is quite apparent in the

"case against" Professor Owen Lattimore, just as it was apparent in the previous attacks on those who during and after the late war directed our China policy—including President Roosevelt himself, Secretary Acheson and all the minor fry who, at one time or another, had a hand in Chinese affairs. The Lattimore "case," so-called, only points up more sharply the unprincipled behavior of those who seek to catch political fish in the troubled waters of Far Eastern affairs. For, being unable to undermine effectively the assumptions of Professor Lattimore's political position—no matter how mistaken those assumptions may have been—they have tried to "get" him by involving him in contradictions on matters of minor detail, contradictions which suggest purposeful perjury and, consequently, criminal behavior. Of course, Professor Lattimore's "crime" is not perjury, but political views which in the changed context of today are political dynamite well suited to blast the Democratic Administration's China policy.

It is of course not argued here that policy-makers should be immune from criticism, or that they should not be held responsible for policies which, due to unforeseeable later developments, turned out to be unfortunate from the point of view of American national interest. But what is preposterous in the attacks on our China policy-makers is the imputation that their behavior was criminal in intent and purposefully designed to betray the national security of the United States. It is as if instead of retiring Mr. Neville Chamberlain when his appeasement policy had miscarried, the British Parliament had impeached him for conspiring with the Nazis to "sell out" his country. Parliament had more sense. Similarly if critics, with much hindsight at their disposal, find the administration's China policy mistaken, is is one thing for them to criticize it, but quite another thing to charge President Roosevelt or Owen Lattimore with "selling Chiang Kai-Shek out to Stalin." For implicit in this charge is the accusation of treasonable conduct.

Yet, it is precisely because our China policy is debatable, because at least as much can be said in its favor as against it, that the attitude of the critics is so grotesque. And even if they were right, which is by no means granted here, genuine devotion to the principle of political responsibility should suggest to them that the verdict of history, if there can be such objective verdict at all, is yet to come. For even the best politicians are notoriously bad historians. Equally important, therefore, is it to review our policy on China with an eye on the possibilities as the policy-maker saw them at the time of decision. Otherwise the discussion must take place, as in fact it has, in a vacuum. How, then, did our policy-makers view the situation in China when they actually made decisions?

First of all, they were aware of operating in a civil war situation of resolutionary dimensions which did not begin at the time when American intervention first took place, but at least as far back as 1937. While the Japanese attack had temporarily suspended the Chinese fratricide, it had not eliminated it, and there was good

reason to believe that it was likely to continue after Japan's surrender.

Given this assumption which, in retrospect, turned out to be correct, it is important to emphasize that American policy-makers had to be keenly aware of the intrinsically revolutionary character of the Chinese civil war. It would have been absurd for them to write the Communist insurrection off as a mere manifestation of Soviet imperialism. It was a blatant fact that the Communists had been most effective in rousing the Chinese peasant out of his age-old languor. Much criticism is heaped nowadays on those who described Chinese communism as "just" a form of democratic agrarianism. And it is probably correct that those who found good things to say about the Chinese Communists took too rosy a view of Communist dynamics. But it is also true that land distribution was and is the crucial economic issue in China, and that the Kuomintang had failed to do anything about it. Instead, all American observers agreed that Chiang Kai-shek's regime relied increasingly on the landlords as the backbone of its power.

Thirdly, it was obvious to American policy-makers that the Chinese government was ever more unable and, in fact, unwilling to cope with the disastrous inflationary situation which destroyed incomes and obstructed the equitable distribution of goods. There was much evidence that American aid more often than not ended up in the pockets of corrupt officials who did not want to offend bankers, tax collectors and landlords—by 1943 the main support of a regime that relied on fraud and force rather than on popular confidence.

Finally, it seemed that by 1943 the Kuomingtang regime had largely lost its will to fight Japan. Understandably enough, it appeared as if the Kuomingtang leadership was determined to save up arms and men for the expected post-surrender showdown with the Communists. At the same time, it became quite apparent that the Communists, in mobilizing the peasants for guerilla operations against the Japanese, were building up a battle-hardened, dedicated and effective fighting force that had to be reckoned with in formulating plans for postwar peace.

This, in broadest outline, was the situation in China confronting American policy-makers. Their initial task was to mobilize as much as possible of China's strength in the war against Japan. Whether the failure to do so can be ascribed to those charged with executing the policy, is an open question. It may be that General Joseph W. Stilwell, a strong and frank soldier, was not necessarily the best choice for the job. He had little patience with Chinese politics, fought with Chiang and even plotted against him. But Stilwell's attitude was not exclusively his own. It was shared by Ambassador Clarence Gauss and most of the State Department's China personnel who, in the words of one of them, believed that "the Kuomintang, once an expression of genuine nationalist feeling, is now an uncertain equilibrium of decadent, competing factions, with neither dynamic principles nor a popular base."

Hence, the State Department group

doubted Chiang's ability to undertake much-needed reforms, and they came to believe that supporting him would not serve to advance American interests in the Far East. And if they hoped to come to terms with the Chinese Communists, it was not because, as their critics now charge, they were themselves Communists, but because they believed that some kind of autonomous Communist regime, independent of Moscow, was in the best interest of American foreign policy. Certainly, coming to terms with the Chinese Communists was not unreasonable at the time. There was still hope that the wartime alliance with the Soviet Union would continue into the postwar period. It was a policy expectation which, in retrospect, turned out to be mistaken. But it was not unpatriotic or treasonable as some of the present critics try to maintain.

It is probably accurate to say that at the end of the war in 1945 American policy-makers were as deeply suspicious of Chiang Kai-shek as they were suspicious of Communist designs. And there were good reasons for both attitudes, which suggested at least three policy alternatives: first, the United States should abandon China completely; this, quite clearly, meant abandoning her to the Communists. Second, the United States should move into China in full force; that, in 1945, with the American people clamoring for speedy demobilization, was equally unfeasible. Third, the United States should make an attempt, through diplomatic means, to settle the Kuomintang-Communist conflict. This third alternative, consistently followed by the Administration, was not only sound, but at the time the only possible one.

It must be remembered that the first alternative was advocated by some of those isolationists who are now loudest in their denunciations of Communist China; while the second alternative, advocated by the proponents of the American Century, would have been equally disastrous. Had the first policy been followed, it would have been equivalent to handing China over to the Communists without any *quid pro quo* from the point of view of American national interest; and the second policy might have involved the country in a drawn-out, expensive conflict that might have set the world on fire.

American policy sought to achieve the establishment of a coalition government in which the Communists would be represented. It was an idea by no means unusual in 1945. In almost all Western European countries the Communists were then becoming partners in coalition regimes. It might have helped in returning China to a fairly stable political situation. Moreover, it was an idea which terrified Chiang Kai-shek much less than it now seems to terrify some Congressmen. For Chiang felt that the best way to eliminate the Red Army was to incorporate it into his own army under Kuomintang command. In exchange, he was perfectly willing to assign the Communists to a few seats in his cabinet.

Moreover, coalition was by no means a Communist plot. It was a policy supported not only by Joseph C. Grew, then chief of the State De-

partment's Office of Eastern Affairs, but also by Ambassador Gauss and by such different Presidential emissaries as Henry Wallace, Donald Nelson and, above all, General Patrick Hurley who is alleged to have said that "the only difference between Chinese Communists and Oklahoma Republicans is that Oklahoma Republicans aren't armed." More remarkable, however, was the proposal made on December 7, 1945, by no lesser breed of men than Admiral Raymond A. Spruance and Generals Albert C. Wedemeyer and Douglas MacArthur, to the effect that American aid to China "be made available as a basis for negotiation by the American Ambassador to bring together and effect a compromise between the major opposing groups in order to promote a limited democratic China." In other words, the Administration's policy was not the work of fellow-traveling hatchetmen in the State Department, but was supported by the military, including General MacArthur, precisely because they were most aware of the military strength of the Communists—a factor which had to be reckoned with in a realistic appraisal of the situation in China.

Similarly, Roosevelt's position at Yalta in February, 1945, was supported by the military. It was the military who were more anxious to have the Soviet Union enter the war against Japan. Both Generals Wedemeyer and MacArthur favored it, especially in view of the Japanese troops stationed in Manchuria. As the late Secretary of State Edward R. Stettinius has reported in his memoirs,

> described as the cream of the Japanese army, this self-contained force, with its autonomous command and industrial base, was believed capable of prolonging the war even after the islands of Japan had been subdued unless Russia should enter the war and engage this army. With this belief, the President's military advisers urgently desired Russian entry into the war.

It is quite ridiculous, therefore, to allege that Roosevelt and Churchill "betrayed" China at Yalta. On the contrary, what they negotiated with Stalin included not only what the Soviet Union would in all likelihood have taken anyway—certain territorial concessions—but they got, in exchange, Russia's entry into the war against Japan as well as something that Chiang was most anxious to get —a treaty of friendship between Russia and China. By having the Soviet Union recognize Chiang as the legitimate ruler of China, Roosevelt sought to facilitate Chiang's effort to establish national unity in China. For did the treaty not mean that Stalin was willing to give up his support of Chinese Communism?

In other words, American policy probably did as much as it could to help Chiang Kai-shek along; and if American policy makers counseled him to come to terms with the Chinese Communists by peaceful means, their advice was based on a sound appraisal of the essential weakness of the Nationalists as well as of the relative strength of the Communists. It was a policy continued in 1946 when General Marshall went to China. And so, when Chiang finally decided to settle the Communist problem by military force, he

took a chance which, in American opinion, was bound to lead to harmful consequences.

Leaving aside here the question whether the United States *should* have come to Chiang's aid when the fortunes of war turned against him by 1948, the question remains whether American aid *could* have saved the day for him. Again, this is a question which is raised nowadays as if it had not been raised then, but which, in fact, was not only raised but also answered. General Wedemeyer, whom President Truman sent on a fact-finding mission to China in 1947, reported that the only way to contain Communism in China was by giving Chiang military help. But he also believed that "until drastic political and economic reforms are undertaken, United States aid cannot accomplish its purpose." Wedemeyer felt uncertain as to whether Chiang "has today sufficient determination, if this requires absolute overruling of the political and military cliques surrounding him." Wedemeyer suggested that 10,000 American officers were needed in China to prop up the fighting power of the Nationalist army. At that time, there were hardly two divisions in the continental United States. And as for the financial outlay involved, it must be remembered how very reluctant Congress was in voting similar aid to Greece—a much smaller operation by comparison. Hence, a change in the policy of drift did not only seem unfeasible, but it was also probably impossible. Nor was so much as a whimper heard on Capitol Hill about a change of policy in China. It is quite certain that Congress would not have agreed at that time to the kind of military aid which General Wedemeyer suggested. Yet only active American participation in the Chinese civil war could have strengthened Chiang Kai-shek, provided the Soviet Union did not intervene also. In that case, World War III would have been well under way.

All of these considerations, factual and policy, seem to be lost on the present Congressional critics of our China policy. They ignore the rottenness of the Kuomintang regime, as rotten as the Bourbon government before the French Revolution, and they ignore the revolutionary vitality of Chinese Communism. Instead, they talk and act as if Chiang Kai-shek's defeat had been braintrusted at the conferences of the Institute of Pacific Relations and engineered in the offices of the State Department or the American embassy in Chungking, with Owen Lattimore and Philip Jessup in the background as the *éminences grises* of a treasonable conspiracy.

A more rational critique of American policy in China would seek a different interpretation. In the first place, American policy during the war years should have been even more insistent than it was on bringing about internal reform in Kuomintang China. This might have required the ouster of Chiang himself—an ouster that was made most difficult by the flattering picture of the Generalissimo which our own propaganda, it appears, had created in the minds of most Americans. Perhaps Chiang's ouster and support of a man like Sun Fo would have been

impossible, but it was probably a chance worth taking.

Secondly, Roosevelt was probably more gullible at Yalta than was warranted. He might have suspected, as at least another alternative, that Stalin was unlikely to honor the agreements that were made, and that he might break them, as he did, at an opportune moment. Had Roosevelt and later policy-makers more seriously considered this possibility, they might have been less eager to demobilize as quickly and thoroughly as they did. In other words, not the wartime agreements with Russia were necessarily faulty, but rather the fact of too rigid demobilization which suggested to Stalin that he could violate his wartime commitments with impunity.

If we are therefore entitled to holding American policy-makers responsible for the fiasco in China, it should be on grounds other than those which now seem to fascinate the feverish imagination of certain Congressmen. And the remedy does not and should not consist in the absurd accusations of criminal and conspiratorial intent against people who, in 1943 or 1945 or 1947, were sincerely convinced that Chiang's regime was not worthy of support, and that the best policy, from the point of view of American national interest, was to achieve some kind of *modus operandi* between the Chinese Communists and a revitalized Kuomintang.

Surely, there are enough *real* Communists in critical decision-making centers to keep the Federal Bureau of Investigation busy. Somehow, I think, we must call a halt to the irresponsible conduct of those who should be most concerned with enforcing political responsibility in government. For they are driving the best people out of public service and give no encouragement to those who might want to enter it. Who, we must ask, is willing to carry the heavy burdens of public policy-making, if, in later years, they can be exposed to the kind of political chicanery now so widely practiced?

HEINZ EULAU

In the River Wards

By Daniel G. Hoffman

I go
on my respectable errands past the flop
houses of another country. I am guide
tourist & porter, bring my own
portmanteau & picnic basket.
I come
laden with the gifts my grandfathers
left to me: I know what's right and
what's respectable!
I know what's not. What's this
around me spawned in such profusion here?
I see
filth, whereat I would have cleanliness,
guilt, whereof I must be innocent,
knowing nothing of such things

— as why the drunkard drinks who saw
John Carter's brains
dribble down his neck the day
that Heinie sniper shot his eye out. ("It's
been 33 years, so why
doncha sober up why doncha
stop drinkin?")

The work of Daniel G. Hoffman has appeared in the Review with some frequency. He teaches English at Temple University.

— or how that drivelling sack of bones
that moves across the sidewalk with a gait
that caricatures all human grace
keeps from dying (he's the one
whose wife left him, who left his wife,
who knows what happened now? what dreams
were curdled by gross appetites, what guilt
deserved what endless retributions?)

— or how the fugitive Comrade keeps
his faith in the inevitable justice
of revolutions, or the priest
here keeps his faith
(IN THE RIVER WARDS)
where "A man is a god in ruins"
who waits for death to claim his patrimony . . .

This is a different country. The plumbing is
a sign of the general level of culture.
I do not like it here. I shall depart.
I do not wish to be reminded of this experience.

Tidy and guiltless as I went out
I shall return.
The air is drier than it was. My heart
burns a little. Images and words
I do not welcome lash my mind about
IN THE RIVER WARDS

Books - - - -

FICTION IN TRAVAIL

The Season's Difference. By Frederick Buechner. Alfred A. Knopf, 1952. $3.50.

Scirocco. By Romualdo Romano. Farrar, Straus and Young, 1951. $2.75.

Guests of Don Lorenzo. By Robert Pick. J. B. Lippincott Co., 1950. $3.

20th Meridian. By Robert Travers. W. W. Norton, 1951. $3.

Birth of a Hero. By Herbert Gold. Viking, 1951. $3.50.

Ghost and Flesh. By William Goyen. Random House, 1952. $2.75.

Novelette: with other stories. By A. L. Barker. Charles Scribner's Sons, 1951. $2.75.

Prize Stories of 1951, The O. Henry Awards. Selected and edited by Herschel Brickell. Doubleday, 1951. $3.75.

Fiction is in a dilemma. It has become more skillful, but as it improves in technic it grows chill. The reason? It has about it an inescapable if damning frame: today's civilization. In its mechanics, fiction approaches our ideals; in its purpose, fiction apes our current mode—of dealing strongly in realism, while avoiding reality: avoiding it by not examining it, not dissecting it, not displaying it. Our fiction—the bulk of it, including most of the work reviewed here—explores reality from afar, and so has lost a vital substance: heart. The result is that fiction today time after time leaves the reader untouched by warmth, and feeling that the authors even when their choice of subjects provided opportunity did not reach into their story and people.

A first reaction to the fiction read is curiosity. Why doesn't it say something? A thought grows, as one reads on: Fiction's great fault is that it represents the fear of our times: death, that has been circling about us with the century, and grown hopeful of prey in the past few years. The books betray, by their distant concern, the writers' attempts at withdrawal.

The scare of our own created power is in our marrow. We have entered a brotherhood of destruction more fearful than yesterday's, because we are now subject to unbarrable knowledge. A generation of violent action, that we sired, is upon us, and we have no guides on parent-raising. We are in a netherland of feeling. Civilization has progressed to the oversharpened gearwheel; it is not tolerant, it meshes smoothly only with identical kin, not with off-milled likenesses. The atmosphere is conformity. Protest hurts. And for people of such a world, to be told so hurts.

Someone must be blamed for our predicament. We establish villains. And we do not want fiction holding up to us, in its play, the clear glass. If it does, or if it tries, it too is a villain. Accordingly, much of our fiction moves off, and looks from afar, safely. Writers have sealed off their events from the audience. We view the action dimly; we sense characters in action, but they are under an unfocussed lens. We see them opening mouths and working,

but we do not hear them; we follow the libretto of the book, and see words taped into the balloons of characters' mouths, and we only gradually become aware that we are missing the core of action, its heart.

Our writers are pressured by the world's desire for complacency, to be entertained without the waste and danger emotional incitement may bring: without thought. The desire has always existed, but its effect on writers of serious work appears accentuated by the atmosphere of the past few years. The voice of protest against things-as-they-are is muted. We do not want today's stark prospects recited to us in protest. We will fight to preserve their power—as a suicidal protection around us—rather than fight to remove them. We wish to examine the "how" without the "why." In response, fiction scans the world through its mirror darkly.

The topics chosen, in the present group of fiction, are subdued. The artist considers an upset in government in some Latin American Ruritania; a possibly mystic revelation at a summer resort; the ghostliness inherent in flesh; a mock epic of a man's aging; a boy's maturing aboard ship; the frustration of a writer; but in instance after instance, without the direct application and incisiveness needed to make the story meaningful. The stories demand our participation, but they do not reward it.

The choice of topic is relatively insignificant; what matters is the use made of it. The author needs to give us some new grasp of life, to have extended to us a plank of interpretation over the dark pool of chaos and conflict that is the world. In a preponderance of these eight books there is no such gift of extension. The authors skirt their task, excusing and disguising their short treks with artistic maneuvering. They may be praised for their skill; we may appreciate and decode the symbolistic message; but if the story itself fails, if the clarified tale does not touch us, then no diversion or embellishment can compensate for the loss.

We seem to be making art into a taught thing, with the rules foremost. (Nearly half the "Prize Story" selections are school-connected.) When literature enters the classroom, the more complex works get the most attention because there is more to be said about them. New Criticism revels in obfuscations; they can be clarified at length. Simple statements carry a critical doom.

This over-concern with "art" is corollary to all the other cataloging we have done in a slide-ruled world. Everything can be analyzed, sorted, classified; and then, from the component parts, new structures can be created. It may be better than spinning a wheel and letting letters and words fall where they may. Gulliver never had it so good.

If these shortcomings appeared in only one or two of the books here considered, they would be worth only brief attention. What is disturbing is that the same tendencies run through them all.

In *The Season's Difference* Frederick Buechner asks, Did Peter Cowley see a religious vision at a summer colony, or didn't he?, and depicts a varied group's reactions to the pos-

sibility of the initial vision and the attempt to have a second. The style follows James, but lacks his penetration. The symbolism of the events is not transmitted—because interest in the events themselves is not aroused to the point where the reader wonders what hidden meanings they may contain.

Another attempt to describe a group is made by Romualdo Romano, whose *Scirocco* won an Italian Hemingway award. Romano tries to relate the numbness of folk in a Sicilian village during the war with the numbness left by the perennial big wind, the sirocco. The wind of life has made him numb, the hero says. The story, in first person, of a teacher who wants to write and is stymied by his surroundings, bears the added burden of an autobiographical tinge of self-pity. The book is written simply and at times gets to the verge of sharp focus, but slips back into a blur of self-consciousness and overobvious symbolism. This reader, at least, emerges, not with the stimulus a well-selected portrayal of frustration can incite, but with a surrender to futility caused more by the writing than the topic. The book does not stay close to its people; neither the urgency of the writer's problem nor of the people's troubles is made impressive.

Perhaps the most disturbing of the books is Robert Pick's *Guests of Don Lorenzo*, a study of another community. Here again, the effort of the writer needs to be appreciated, even though the novel, of governmental upset in some Latin American land, can't be. Mr. Pick tries to show how the plot of people fails, in an attempted revolt, but neither the plot nor the people are alive. The book is elaborately plotted, with little meaning; its people are put through the paces, in what unfortunately becomes a marathon of boredom.

Much more satisfactory is Robert Travers' tale of a youth going across his own 20th Meridian, coming starkly of age aboard a wartime ship, the *Branten*. The ship passes over that meridian, in its symbolistic effort to match the hero Johnny's aging. The writing moves along well until the plot crux is bared—the *Branten* holds whiskey, that some sailors thirst for. The whiskey equals evil, and precipitates the climactic action. Here too the symbolism is made explicit. The characters are brought to the edge of life, but the sense of evil and knowledge of Johnny's journey into maturity are not fully accomplished. Nevertheless, the novel has done the job set for it in a manner deserving respect. The story stays afloat, despite the symbolism. Without great depth of character, with the subverting symbolism, it is an essentially good tale.

Herbert Gold set out to tell, in *Birth of a Hero*, of a year in the life of a man in his 40's, who gains a mistress and loses her, and thus too comes to a maturity. Mr. Gold sought the mock heroic style, and ended with a mock hero—and a mock story. The hero, Reuben Flair, is set upon a plot, and the characters are machinated beyond reality. The style is made paramount; the author flexes technic muscles while the hero, with his vicissitudes, remains flabby. A principle is lost: that however one tells his story, the people should

come alive. Mr. Gold devotes less care to his characters and their actions than to his method.

Mr. Goyen has strung together a series of stories on a common theme —the ghostliness of flesh. Breaking out of lyric dark clouds, some of the stories stand up well, but others are lost in a welter of attempts at the poetic, which has no basis in the lives of either the narrators or the cast. The writing often has a bothered meaning, although it may sound good on the ear; the introduction sets the pace, one paragraph reading: "What to proclaim? Our search is for what will serve when words are gone, as symbol of truth, instrument of our life's passion through which we might discover a long long meaning to keep." Again, the writing is made more important than the stories.

The best sustained effort, in this group, is made by Miss Barker, in her collection of stories. Two, the long titlepiece and "Romney" are particularly well done. "Novelette" tells of the wartime love of a 19-year-old soldier with the matron in whose home he is recuperating. The adventure is made special—the people exist. They do again in "Romney," which deals with the terror-full imagination of a child who thinks he has killed his older, more admired brother. A liking for a "twist" ending detracts only slightly from Miss Barker's better work. She shows a fine talent; but she too, in a number of the stories, wanders into admiration of her own effort, and sees no forest for the texture of its trees.

The book of *Prize Stories* is in many ways the most interesting. Twenty-four authors and approaches are represented—and a sameness in treatment recurs in story after story. The editor, Herschel Brickell, states in his introduction, "At its best short fiction is a valid and vital commentary on life." Applying that criterion to the volume, the answer would not be reassuring. Skill must be admitted; but many of the writers have paid such attention to its elaboration that they have detracted from their stories. The first place story is such a case: Harris Downey's "The Hunters" is good, but writing gets in its way. Art extends beyond the subject, and makes the lost soldier, Private Meadows, and his plight less impressive than they should have been.

Easily the best-handled and most truly artistic of the stories is Miss Welty's "The Burning," where technic is used provocatively to draw the reader into the story, and by its fleeting touch impresses him more with the tragedy of a Civil War episode than any straightforward story-telling possibly could.

The presence, in this randomly gathered collection of fiction, of work by such writers as Miss Barker and Miss Welty, and some few of those in the anthology, indicates not all is hopeless in the world of fancy, as it is not in the world about us. But unless the atmosphere about us changes, with its increased emphasis on conformity and complacency, on skill and not feeling, the prospect of our mass of serious work changing for the better, does not seem great.

ASHER GERECHT

Chicago, Illinois

CLEAR AND UNAMBIGUOUS EVIDENCE

Fear of Freedom. By Francis Biddle. Doubleday and Company, 1952. $3.50.

Civil Liberties Under Attack. Clair Wilson, ed. University of Pennsylvania Press, 1951. $3.50.

A large number of books are being published, of which the above two are among the most recent, dealing with the increasing attacks on traditional civil liberties throughout the United States. As the attacks have spread into education, government, the home, the private thoughts of individuals, more and more men of good will have become genuinely alarmed and are asking: Are these attacks temporary or permanent? Is there anything that can be done? What are the causes?

Only the first two of these questions are seriously answered in these books; the third is not, possibly because the answer seems so obvious. The writers in *Civil Liberties Under Attack* are primarily concerned with exposing the evil effects of government and group censorship upon science, education, speech, publication and the arts. They criticize, in one way or another, the new concepts and techniques of anti-freedom in America: loyalty oaths; loyalty boards with their secret hearings; "reasonable doubt," "guilt by association" and "nonconformity with an undefined orthodoxy" as criteria for rejection or dismissal of government employees; investigative boards and committees which are, in fact, trial courts. What they say is important to know, but they offer little or nothing in the way of helping to end an intolerable situation. They want a return to the good old days, although most of them admit directly or indirectly that this seems, for a long time to come, impossible. Professor Chafee of Harvard University, who specifically discusses the question of what to do, has only this to offer: Let the citizens be vigilant against congressional and loyalty board excesses!

Mr. Biddle whose *Fear of Freedom* is a running history and critique of past and present attempts at censorship of thought in America is the only one who even thinks of raising the one issue of fundamental importance for democracy today: Granted that acts of "subversion" and "disloyalty" are an ever present danger, how can we secure our liberties and yet protect ourselves against such acts? That he even raises the question, though belatedly, in his last chapter, is sufficient grounds for high praise of his book. Many do not even know that such a problem exists. Unfortunately, he fails to offer even a reasonably consistent answer to it. In fact, his various comments exclude the possibility of a solution.

(1) In discussing "loyalty," he points out that, under our theory of law, it is impossible to define it. Granted that he is right, then it follows that "disloyalty" cannot be defined. Consequently, it is impossible to determine what acts or opinions are "disloyal." Again, he points out that "subversion" has many meanings and that, when he was Attorney General of the United States, he or-

ganized a committee which tried very hard but without success to define it. If "subversion" is undefinable, then again it is obviously impossible to determine a "subversive" act.

(2) Mr. Biddle opposes the right of any agency to question a man about his political beliefs, for this is a denial of freedom of speech. Yet the problem he raises logically involves that some persons, suspected of "disloyalty" or "subversion," be queried about their political beliefs. He himself insists that "national security" demands that such questions be asked.

(3) He attacks "guilt by association" as "subversive" of freedom, since it denies, in principle, that an individual shall be held guilty only for what he himself does and not for the actions of others. This must be granted. However, this means that most "subversives" and "disloyal persons" cannot be reached by the law.

(4) The most serious criticism is that Mr. Biddle does not state the issue as it should be stated. He states it as if we were trying to defend ourselves against all persons or groups whose opinions and objectives are not "orthodox." But are we trying to defend ourselves against all and every "unorthodox" individual or group? Are we trying to defend ourselves against socialists and liberals? Or against Fascists and Nazis? Neither seems the answer. The Fascists and Nazis represent no serious threat; and socialists and liberals are notoriously libertarian. Are we not trying then to defend ourselves, however improperly, against the Stalinist-Communists? Are they not our problem today? If it is against the Stalinist-Communists that we are seeking to defend ourselves, then Mr. Biddle could have helped the cause of liberty enormously by putting his original question in a form which would have made this clear. He could have asked: *How can we secure our freedoms and yet protect ourselves against Stalinist-Communists, their front organizations, their sympathizers and fellow-travelers?*

Whether any reasonable answer to this question is constitutional I do not know. This will have to be left in the lap of the Supreme Court, but the question, unlike the previous one, is straightforward. It makes possible a clear definition of "subversion" and "disloyalty," since the definition will have as its object the Stalinist-Communist movement in all of its ramifications. Moreover, it makes possible a clear differentiation between persons and organizations that are Stalinist-Communist, and those, however unorthodox, that are not. Lastly, it separates the question of what to do with Stalinism in all its forms from the question: how can non-Stalinists be protected in their fundamental liberties?

Under our sytem of government, it is traditional in theory if not in practice to protect the unorthodox. In the past, this meant to protect *all* unorthodoxy. Today in the light of international events this is no longer the case. The issue is: how to protect the unorthodox who are non-Stalinists from either being confounded in law and administration with Stalinists or being subjected to legal cen-

sorship and punishment. One thing is certain: to protect non-Stalinist unorthodoxy against false accusations and unjustified legal actions, we need every and any legal and fair-minded device known to law as well as new ones. It is impossible in a short review to enumerate such devices but it is good to report that Mr. Biddle enumerates a number of the more typical traditional ones.

To defend ourselves against Stalinism unfortunately requires an investigation into the beliefs of suspected persons and organizations. This is a serious divergence from our traditional conception of civil liberty, but if it is necessary, then it ought to be openly recognized as necessary. There should be no legal subterfuge or theoretical evasion. However, investigations of this type should be strictly limited, with all appropriate legal safeguards, to such organizations and persons which have given clear and unambiguous evidence of wholehearted acceptance of Stalinism. Because of the great liability of error, false accusations and irretrievable harm to reputation and livelihood, all legal procedures should be strictly interpreted so that maximum protection is afforded. Often enough where emotions and suspicions run high, persons and organizations upholding unpopular ideas will be accused of Stalinism. This is unpreventable but because of its likelihood, they need every possible protection the law can afford. Lastly, there ought to exist legal means of compensation and atonement for wrongs done to accused innocent persons and organizations. Whether Americans will be intelligent, objective and tolerant enough to provide such safeguards, only the future will tell.

One last remark is necessary. Anyone who agrees that the question raised above is worthy of serious consideration must recognize that the answer to it will involve fundamental modifications in our traditional conception of civil liberties. For one thing, investigation into the political beliefs of individuals and organizations in certain (I hope) well defined cases will become an indispensable part of our legal and administrative procedure. For another, all sorts of punishments, directly legal or indirectly social, will fall upon the guilty who will have little or no redress. Even if not imprisoned or sent to a concentration camp, they will probably be made social outcasts with little or no opportunity to make a livelihood. These are two of the dreadfully tragic consequences of an age of international crisis and world social reorganization.

RUBIN GOTESKY
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FROM CLAPHAM TO BLOOMSBURY

Leslie Stephen. By Noel Annan. Harvard, 1952. $5.

In the Victorian, as in any other age, are to be found minor, yet ubiquitous, figures, with whom one becomes familiar without effort, the necessary background to the giants. Such, for example, might be considered the role in the nineteenth century of Harriet Martineau, J. A.

Roebuck, Samuel Smiles, or Monckton Milnes, with whom many might be acquainted, yet would perhaps not consider worthy of detailed study. Leslie Stephen might well be added to this company. As editor of the *Cornhill* and as the first and greatest editor of the *Dictionary of National Biography*, as a literary critic and essayist, and above all as the historian of eighteenth century thought, he occupies a respectable and established place in his age. Few would admit to a total ignorance of him or his works—was he not the father of Virginia Woolf?—yet Mr. Annan has felt that the excellent *Life and Letters* by F. W. Maitland deserved to be supplemented by another study, that has for its subtitle, *His Thought and Character in Relation to His Time*. Here, perhaps, is to be discovered the major significance of an admittedly minor figure.

This is not a biography, but a study of an intellectual current into which some personal information has been introduced. To the task Mr. Annan brings much learning, subtle judgments, and a wit that only occasionally breaks down into irrelevancies. Without possessing the mastery of G. M. Young, this book represents the most impressive British contribution to an understanding of the Victorian Age that has appeared for some years, and is a very considerable achievement. One must add that Mr. Annan's English publishers, who were presumably responsible for the form of the book, have made it as difficult as possible to appreciate the wide reading and valuable additional comments, by allowing part of the annotations to appear with the text, and relegating others, and all references, to the back of the book, while omitting in the text any indications that they exist. It is difficult to see how more inconvenience could be caused. But if the makeup of the book, like some of Mr. Annan's sporting metaphors—"By playing a double ruff through dummy and his own hand man will eventually win game and rubber"—is somewhat irritating, its value is only superficially impaired.

Mr. Annan is primarily concerned with two themes, the development of a nineteenth-century intellectual aristocracy that moved in four generations from the Clapham Sect to the Bloomsbury Circle, and the intellectual interests and traditions of the group that Leslie Stephen inherited, accepted, or rejected. He is the historian of a member of an intellectual connection that seems to have paralleled the structure of politics in the eighteenth century, a tangled genealogical alliance that brought together Zachary and Thomas Babington Macaulay, Sir George and G. M. Trevelyan, Thomas and Mathew Arnold, Mrs. Humphrey Ward, T. H. Huxley, Edward and A. V. Dicey, H. A. L. Fisher, and Leslie and Fitzjames Stephen. Even the Bloomsbury Circle, though an adoptive society, was based on this connection. Within this world Leslie Stephen's position was firmly fixed, both socially and intellectually. It is in this intellectual tradition that Mr. Annan finds his second, and major theme, and it is in its exposition that he excels. Through Stephen's prolific writings, the tradition and problems of Evangelical-

ism, rationalism, ethics and agnosticism are critically examined.

Leslie Stephen spent the first thirty years of his life in a conventional progress. There were four unhappy years at Eton, hard work at Cambridge, leading to a fellowship at Trinity Hall, for which it was necessary to take Holy Orders, followed by ten years as a college tutor. In 1864, at the age of thirty-two, he came to the decision that he could no longer conscientiously occupy a position which depended upon subscription to a religious creed in which he had lost his faith. He resigned his fellowship, and for the rest of his life made his way as a journalist, an editor, a man of letters. He had left Cambridge with a knowledge of mathematics, an interest in philosophy, and a reputation as a rowing coach—he was the founder of muscular Christianity. His literary output was perhaps excessive: between 1865 and 1871 he produced three or four articles a week, in the '80's his health broke down under the strain of editing the *Dictionary of National Biography*, to which he contributed no less than 378 articles, and besides his major works on the *History of Thought in the Eighteenth Century* and *The English Utilitarians* he wrote a steady stream of lesser, commissioned works. His training for the task was self-acquired, his approach that of an amateur rather than an academic, and his intellectual contributions were limited. Mr. Annan does not make great claims for them. "Historically," he comments, "he is no more than a representative figure. He was not a seminal mind, but an eminent controversialist and a literary journalist," and Stephen's labored attempts to construct a Science of Ethics, and to develop a sociological approach to literature are shown to be based on fundamentally invalid premises.

But Leslie Stephen was both important and earnest. The evangelical tradition had not died in him or in his contemporaries. Though the religious impulse had been found wanting in its dogmatic dress, the necessity of a social sanction, the primacy of the family, the inculcation of morality, were as important, perhaps even more so, than before. George Eliot comments on the casino at Homburg, "Hell is the only right name for such places," and Stephen sees to it that his sister-in-law is not disgraced. ". . . I came into the drawing room and found Richmond kissing Annie. I told her at once that she ought to make up her mind one way or the other: for it was plain that as things were going there could be only one result. She did, I think, make up her mind and informed me of her engagement that afternoon." His passion for mountaineering and athletic sports was accompanied by a hatred of "morbidity" and "effeminacy" that narrowed his literary judgments, and condemned Sterne and Coventry Patmore. There was, indeed, a certain coarseness that may have stemmed from a delicate childhood and a late discovery of his physical powers. Despite the evangelical impulse to follow the idea wheresoever it goeth, which led many to faiths distant from those of their upbringing, Mr. Annan detects in Stephen a certain distaste for the

analysis of those very ideas that his progress invoked. Certainly, his sense of propriety never weakened before the onslaught of realism. As he wrote to Hardy concerning a novel that was appearing in the *Cornhill*, "I may be over-particular, but I don't quite like the suggestion of a close embrace in the London Churchyard." Victorian morality, denounced by members of the Bloomsbury Circle, had been safe in the hands of their fathers.

Leslie Stephen was a mid-Victorian: he assimilated Darwin, Mill and Comte, and could criticize them effectively. With Shaw and the Fabians, the new political radicalism, he had nothing in common, and even little awareness of their existence. His concern with the individual, with the importance of personal morality as affecting the health of society, was replaced by the debate on the powers of the state, the desire to manipulate society for general social ends. The paths had divided. One could follow the Webbs into the politics of planning, or retreat to the confines of Blomsbury. One can perhaps see in three generations of the Stephen family the steady retreat of the intellectual aristocracy from the world. Sir James Stephen had terrorized politicians as Under-Secretary to the Colonial Office. He had drawn the bill for the emancipation of the slaves. His son's early political radicalism had quickly died away: his constant interest in moral and ethical problems was unaccompanied by political action. Sir James's granddaughter would write on *A Room of One's Own*.

The ideal and practice of an intellectual élite has so permeated English society that it is pointless to discuss its historical value. But a greater distance would seem to have been travelled between Clapham and Bloomsbury than Mr. Annan indicates. He is, of course, concerned with continuity rather than contrast, but an aristocracy of the intellect is peculiarly susceptible to a fault that was, perhaps, of less consequence to its political counterpart. Sir James Stephen took great care to prevent his children from believing that their possession of Christian virtues rendered them superior to the less scrupulous. His grandchildren seem to have had little doubt that their cultural values ensured their well-being. The intellectual conscious of superiority to others is doomed to isolation: the broad stream of Clapham evangelicalism had dwindled to the irrigation canal of Bloomsbury culture.

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GROPING FOR WORLD ORDER

Pattern for Peace. By Antoni Gronowicz. Paramount, 1951. $3.50.

Since Stalin: a Photo History of Our Time. By Boris Shub and Bernard Quint. Swen, 1951. $3.95.

Soviet Attitudes toward Authority. By Margaret Mead. McGraw-Hill, 1952. $4.

Negotiating with the Russians. Edited by Raymond Dennett and Joseph R. Johnson. World Peace Foundation, 1951. $3.50.

These volumes offer illuminating data for policy-maker and private citizen alike. *Pattern for Peace* is a piece of rank propaganda, ultra-nationalist in bias, pleading the importance of letting Poland keep the Western territories restored to it after World War II. The book ignores the present Soviet control of Poland and East Germany, referring to both as independent nations. And the author apparently believes every German a devil in the flesh.

But the very existence of such a fantastic volume, and the extreme nationalistic view it exemplifies, points directly to the ground from which such views stem: fear of a war of the titans which would once again turn the small nations into mutilated pawns. And so long as the major powers continue to jockey for position and fail to take basic steps to create a more reasonable world order such fears are justified. With no major power persistently pressing for the minimum essentials which might make peace possible; with the abortive, haphazard efforts to influence official policy in Britain and the United States by many varied and nonunified groups repeatedly frustrated; with the Russian and Chinese *peoples* unable to make even token attempts to influence their rulers' policies, one can hardly expect a sane approach to specific locality problems by those directly involved. But were imaginative policies and actions to alter the over-all pattern, then the extremes of nationalism might gradually abate and find their solutions.

In 40,000 words of politically sophisticated, lucid text and over 400 remarkable photographs *Since Stalin* presents a thorough, documented, fascinating history of the making of today's world crisis—and offers a prescription for cure without war we can ill afford to ignore: that we must ally ourselves with the Russian people against their current masters, rather than continue inadvertently to help the Stalin regime manipulate them against the West. Here are highlighted Russia's great cultural tradition, the gradual reforms wrested by repeated revolts, leading to the overthrow of the Tsar; then the Bolshevik seizure of power, the Allied intervention and defining of zones of influence which played into Lenin's hands. Next the distortion of the Communist ideal as crisis after crisis was met by means whose only justification was an increasingly remote end. With Stalin in the saddle, increasing despotism and widespread purges put an end to the active rebellion of the populace and firmly established the slave labor camp as a basic weapon of Soviet society. (The location of hundreds of camps is mapped out explicitly in this book, based on thousands of eye-witness reports.) Of key significance are the shots of Russians greeting Nazi troops as liberators. Millions of Soviet soldiers surrendered in the early months, but the German error of applying the policy of *Schrecklichkeit* turned these enemies of Stalin into fierce defenders of their country. Even so, some half-million captured Russians offered to fight Stalin. And so doubtful was Stalin of his own divisions, of which he had a plentiful supply, that he

actually requested British troops for the Eastern front.

From all this Messrs Shub and Quint conclude that the Russian people are a captive group, oppressed by their rulers, but apathetic because they see no hope for freedom and probably view the West as a worse enemy than Stalin. From this stems the book's important political message: (1) that the West must make a clear distinction in all its acts and propaganda between the Russian people and the Stalin regime, so that Kremlin propaganda will have little opportunity to exploit our gestures as proof of our enmity to Russia, *per se*; (2) that we must in every possible fashion woo Russian DP's, officials and soldiers and all others we can reach, and give them hope for a democratic alternative to the Stalin regime.

Boris Shub advanced this same thesis last year in his book *The Choice*. Now as then implementation of this policy is not analyzed. The negative aspect of never chastising the Russian people but only the Stalin regime, of never speaking of "Russian" aggressive acts or villainies but attributing them solely to the Stalin government—this is clear and makes good sense (though even *Since Stalin* repeatedly blurs the distinction Russian DP's have been reported to make frequently between the "Stalin regime" which they hate and "Communism" which they feel has merits). But the positive program of winning over the Russian people and aiding them raises questions of technique and policy. How can we convince the Russians—assuming we can reach them—that we sincerely want peace and are not "imperialist aggressors"? What concrete aid can we offer them? May not active, official support of revolution in Russia force Stalin to fabricate an "incident" that will set off World War III and unify Russia behind his regime against the "invader"?

Most available evidence tends to support Shub's view that Stalin knows the Soviet is too weak internally and militarily to succeed in a major war against the West and hence will not be easily provoked. As for wooing the Russians, it seems a pity the book does not indicate that the best way would probably be to stand foursquare for the essentials of peace—full inspected disarmament to be carried out within a specifically stated period, with Russians doing the inspecting of the West; increased Point Four aid with the savings effected by disarmament to raise living standards and increase productivity everywhere, coupled with gradually spreading freedom of communication and diminution of autocratic and terroristic methods in all nations—and to consistently spell out these essentials in our acts and propaganda. Unfortunate, too, are the occasional oversimplifications, exaggerations, and significant omissions which tend to imply (probably unintentionally) that Stalin and Communism are the sole bars to peace, that free governments never lead their nations to war, that the United States and the West have been almost impeccably just and honorable in their international dealings, that the West bears little or no responsibility for the rise of Hitlerism, that the

Near East and Asia may be ignored as political factors, and that our support of reactionary regimes in many areas has had little bearing on Soviet success. Also the authors too readily discount the internal prestige accruing to the Stalin regime from victory in World War II and the acquisition of allies and satellites in Asia and Europe, as a factor in bolstering the faith of wavering Communist Party members and instilling greater fear in the disaffected.

Margaret Mead's *Soviet Attitudes toward Authority* reports on a government-sponsored study by a group of social scientists and psychologists of Soviet newspapers, journals, plays, movies, and novels, combined with interviews with Soviet emigrés, to determine as well as possible the nature of the hold the Soviet regime has on the Russian population and the conditions under which this hold can be expected to get stronger or weaker.

The book is replete with imaginative insights and analyses. Reading it one enters the world of Soviet society and mythology which exercise a certain horrible fascination, not unlike that of Kafka's universe or Orwell's *1984*, because so many elements in the picture are the end products of tendencies growing steadily in our own country: the absence of two sides to every question (hence noncompromise); the lack of channels of communication for effectively questioning the wisdom of broad policies; the stultifying of the rank and file; guilt by association; the sinfulness of failure and the virtue of success regardless of means. Here the party line is Truth and those most zealous in the service of today's "Truth" may be most vulnerable to liquidation when the line changes. Since evil and good are inherent in everyone, your best friend today may be your worst enemy tomorrow; the party hero of yesterday is unmasked as always having been "an enemy of the people." Authority and responsibility are allocated so diffusely that error or failure of a project can lead to punishment for anyone remotely connected with it. Fear of defection by party members is a basic tenet of membership. Leadership is a fetish, but each leader-priest is faced with the problem of inspiring confidence in followers who are officially exhorted to look over his head to the most perfect leader of all, Stalin.

All this and more about official Soviet attitudes and techniques appear valid fruits of analysis. But when it comes to estimating how successfully these have been inculcated into the party and the masses, the study is less convincing. For the anthropological and psychological tools developed in recent years which it uses ("national character," "social structure," "culture," and "personality" are among the somewhat vague determinants involved) have not been adequately tested.

Moreover, the report is often ambiguous so that it is not clear whether positions are being outlined or the actual situation hypothecated. There is a conspicuous paucity of examples cited for evidence. Nor is the representativeness of particular samplings defined (e.g., how many emigrés were interviewed and when did they emigrate). Another doubtful element is the study's acceptance, as basic

data, of certain hypotheses about pre-revolutionary Russian character previously advanced by Geoffrey Gorer. Thus it is asserted that Russians tend to equate treasonable thoughts with treasonable acts and that everyone is considered "sinful," hence indiscriminate arrests are not resented to the extent they would be in other societies. Here, it seems to me, characteristics of the intelligentsia are too readily assigned to the masses. (And what about the non-Great Russian half of the USSR?) The existence of forced labor camps under the Tsar—which, historians estimate, involved only 50,000 at any one time—is cited as another basis for the relative acceptance of today's mass-scale slave-labor camps; both the "acceptance" and the basis appear dubious. Conversely, Mead points out that under the Tsar peasants were accustomed to community or government ownership of all land—yet she fails to draw any hypotheses from the peasants' fierce resistance to collectivization. Weak in evidential basis also is the assertion that a party member's own liquidation tends to reinforce his belief in his party's rightness; rather it would seem that the confessions of the old Bolsheviks and others, when apprehended, reflect their willingness to aid the hated Stalin regime in preference to continuing their futile intransigence and thereby aiding a worse, to them, capitalist enemy outside.

However, with the study's basic conclusion (which is hardly novel) there is little to argue: that the contradictions in Soviet society and the hardships it imposes on the human psyche are such that the regime will, sooner or later, have to offer its population more material advantages and less repressive terror or else find its own bureaucratic leadership weakening and losing its hold and the masses becoming increasingly apathetic about Soviet goals and increasingly disaffected with the regime. It might prove illuminating for Mead and her group to carry out two similar studies of the United States: (1) using data available to an equivalent group in the Soviet and applying the methods used by Soviet social scientists and psychologists, accenting everything heavily with a Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist bias; (2) using all available data here and applying their own methods. The first would give us an idea of how we look to the Soviet in this "siege of Societies." The second (if made public) would give us valuable data for strengthening and improving our own society by democratic means.

Probably the most cogent conclusion in the entire study, in this reviewer's opinion, is this: To increase the strength and stability of the Soviet regime, the report closes, what is needed is a lessening of fear of capitalist attack by the top leadership, and a relaxation of police terror which reflects official fear of a population whose standard of living is kept low by armaments.

In other words a stable peace with full disarmament and full inspection (and an international police the Soviet could trust) combined with measures to raise standards of living and productivity throughout the globe—these would be the logical

means to stabilize the Stalin regime. Thus *Since Stalin* and the Mead report, when analyzed, would seem to point up twin key tasks for our foreign policy which really add up to a unity in action: to stand foursquare for peace in all our actions and propaganda. That is (1) we must convince all the Russians we can reach that we are their friends and that we are enemies of Stalin's regime only so long as it insists on armaments, internal police terror, and a low standard of living for Russians, as contrasted with the great potentials of the Russian land and people; (2) we must convince the Kremlin by thorough-going, nonhedging full disarmament proposals, (including a suggested timetable for achievement of complete disarmament and specifying Russian—not UN—inspection of the West), consistently pressed, that, contrary to their dogmas, we plan no attack now or later, that our policy will actually help the Soviet regime stay in power *if they go along with us and with their own people, but not otherwise.*

Negotiating with the Russians is by eleven authors who actually negotiated with the *Stalin regime* (not the Russians), 1942-1947, on such diverse problems as lend-lease, war crimes trials, control of the Balkans and atomic energy. The key point which emerges from these pages is the Soviet's pervasive deep-seated suspicion of the Western capitalist nations, and the absence of bold, imaginative, far-reaching policy strokes on our part to cut through this rigid, fanatical suspicion. But whereas Margaret Mead urges the importance for our policy makers of putting themselves in the other fellow's place and taking account of the myths by which he lives, the reports of these official negotiators indicates that this had been done only on the most superficial level. For example, to this day, Frederick Osborn apparently believes our atomic weapons control proposals to have been well-nigh perfect, and adequate to overcome Soviet suspicions (even though nonatomic weapons were not included and there were many ill-defined elements involved).

What this record shows clearly is that in international negotiations, niceties aside, the major powers all insist on gaining their national ends and yield points only to gain others or because they have no choice. But Soviet negotiators are more strictly bound by instructions, more obvious in their tactics, resort to innuendo, rank propaganda, outright lies, verbose reiterations and sudden reversals—and their government can blatantly refuse to fulfill a commitment without having to explain to a relatively aware public or find a basis in agreement wording. There is practically no magnanimity of international action reported here; though some of the negotiators tend to ascribe idealistic altruism to our actions when enlightened self-interest is the real motive. Indeed, given the present world structure and dearth of Christian practice, such magnanimity can hardly be expected. But one can hope for policies fructified by longer-ranging, profounder self-interest.

The combination of international events, technological advances, and unified internal pressure may hasten

the day when the United States will take the full initiative for permanent peace, unequivocally, persistently. Such action, properly exploited, could give us the psychological and moral "situation of strength" which, added to our military and economic strength might bring about the stabler peace which to date eludes us.

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BEING HUMAN

The People in Your Life. Edited by Margaret M. Hughes. Alfred A. Knopf, Inc., 1951. $3.50.

Basic Psychiatry. By Edward A. Strecker. Random House, 1952. $3.75.

A mother happened to visit the psychology class of her daughter while parent-child relationships were being discussed. On leaving, she remarked to this reviewer: "That was psychiatry, wasn't it?"

In a similar vein, the present collection of papers has been subtitled: "A Portable Psychiatric Library for Laymen—A Discussion in One Volume of the Important Human Relationships in a Normal Life." This is a rather unfortunate title that seems to promise all-purpose salvation in handy, capsule form; but happily, the impression created by the title is an erroneous one.

Originally presented as a series of ten Town Hall talks, the various chapters "deal with ten of the relationships that at some time in every life are its warp and woof."[1] At the end of each talk, a half-dozen audience questions are discussed by the particular speaker.

Especially noteworthy are the offerings of F. H. Allen and Margaret Mead. Dr. Allen is a child psychiatrist whose perceptions of what it means to be a growing child are invariably fresh, wise, and free of clinical jargon. His presentation of the ways in which a child moves toward maturity in his parental relationships is a gem. Margaret Mead, in her nimble-minded way, shows the so-called majority-minority problem up as a special case of the broader problem of accepting differences in other human beings. Difficulties in such acceptance may revolve about differences of sex, age, and outlook, as well as differences arising from membership in various national and religious groups. Other especially vigorous and clear contributions are Dr. Kubie's discussion, illustrated with case materials, of unconscious factors in husband-wife relationships, and Fromm's rather mythology-freighted treatment of the man-woman dichotomy.

Although the approaches of the different speakers vary, they are in agreement about the importance of unconscious emotional factors in human relationships. Whether it is Kubie, making incisive use of case material to illustrate his exposition

[1]These include: Man-Woman, by Erich Fromm; Husband-Wife, by L. S. Kubie; Parent-Child, by F. H. Allen; Age-Youth, by F. J. Braceland; Race Majority-Race Minority, by Margaret Mead; Student-Teacher, by Clyde Kluckhohn; Friend-Friend, by J. A. P. Millet; Employer-Employee, by L. H. Bartemeier; Pastor-Parishioner, by O. R. Rice; Citizen-Community, by G. S. Stevenson.

of problems in marriage relationships, or Bartemeier, pointing out a carry-over of parent-child relationships to the sphere of factory and office, attention is focused on the private meanings for different persons in the common relationships of everyday life.

What is the value of a book like this? Of course, that will depend on how ready its particular reader is for grasping the basic points of the speakers. Some will taste the germ of the wheat; others will feed on husks of words. In any event, one may genuinely doubt its advertised efficacy as "a portable psychiatric library for laymen," a kind of Dr. Spock's guide for adults. Basically, the service of a book like this is that it emphasizes ten times over the importance of greater sensitivity and thoughtfulness in the relationships of everyday life. Listening more, expressing more, taking less for granted: these are the ways by which relationships are sustained, grow, and are enriched. The spirit of this book seems very much in accord with the words of Erich Fromm in his recent work, *The Forgotten Language—An Introduction to the Understanding of Dreams, Fairy Tales and Myths:* "I believe that the understanding of symbolic language should be taught in our high schools and colleges just as other 'foreign languages' are part of their curriculum."

Communications like these are concerned with creating a more favorable climate for the difficult and at times arduous work of understanding oneself as well as others. Of course, reading alone is no magical solution for such a task, since it is primarily through the understanding of what occurs in our recurrent relationships that knowledge of ourselves and others can grow. But we may learn the value of taking time for such a task if we are able to sense the depth, richness, and complexity of motivation in human relationships, and see how often illness and breakdown derive from failure of understanding. Kubie's words on this deserve serious consideration by informed and courageous teachers:

> All of this brings me to the conclusion that one of the most fundamental challenges that confront us today is to discover how human beings, young and old, can be taught to distinguish between their conscious and attainable goals and needs on the one hand, and their unconscious and unattainable goals on the other. Until we can do this, the problem of human happiness, whether in marriage or out, will remain unsolved.
>
> This is a large order. Perhaps the answer will come through a basic and fundamental change in our entire system of education, a change which recognizes that no matter how well a human being is educated in chemistry, physics, economics, history, or literature, he remains a barbarian unless he knows something about himself. Self-knowledge in depth, which has been the forgotten factor of our educational system, must become instead its primary focus. Since Socrates, the ideal of knowing ourselves has not been new. Psychiatry has only added a deeper understanding of what knowing oneself implies. Like good intentions, self-knowledge is of little value unless it penetrates to the un-

conscious levels of the human spirit.

At the present time, the acquisition of such self-knowledge, involving appreciation of unconscious motives, occurs largely in a psychotherapeutic relationship. Accordingly, this learning can now reach only limited numbers. It is quite possible, even likely, that there is no substitute for time and personal communication in these matters, and that understanding of ourselves cannot be abbreviated. Yet a personal belief in the value of such a direction in human relations, with a knowledge of their richness and complexity, may have far-reaching implications for a person over the span of his life. The present series of public talks and discussions are an attempt to suggest to a much larger number of persons the implications of this knowledge for their own lives. Further planning and extension of opportunities in this direction may very well be our most important educational task today at every level of learning.

Effective communication in the sphere of personal growth is a difficult matter, however. It is not easy for persons to make use of written or spoken things that stir up their anxiety, guilt or fear too powerfully. Under such circumstances the value of what is written or spoken is dubious, if not actually negative. Much has been written on parent-child relationships of this sort. The context in which a matter of wide human occurrence and interest is treated may be very important in this respect. Tucked in at the very end of a "Basic Psychiatry" that runs the gamut of psychoses, neuroses, and psychopathic disorders, the topics of "overdependency" or "a design for childhood" are more likely to arouse in parents apprehensiveness for past or probable future failures than any greater understanding of their children.

Another barrier to understanding in writings on "psychiatry for every man" results from the use of professional terms and descriptive materials from what sounds like an introductory course in the subject for medical students. Thus Dr. Strecker begins his book on "basic psychiatry" for the "general public" with chapters on Causation, Classification or Naming, and Examination and Symptoms. Subsequently, the reader is introduced to the various neuroses and psychoses, along with the usual textbook terms: "ideas of reference," "obsessions," "compulsions," "phobias," "neologisms." Also included are drawings of brain waves during an epileptic attack, and cryptic formulations for the layman like: "Treatment plateaus in psychotherapy are Confession, Ventilation, and the Psychiatric Interview." It is rather clear that this "basic psychiatry" differs from that "psychiatry" programatically defined by the late Harry Stack Sullivan as "the study of interpersonal relations."

Communications concerned with feeling, thought, and action in personal relationships are only likely to improve as a more thoughtful, richly informed, and deeply respectful approach to the problems of being human becomes characteristic of both work and writings in this sphere.

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